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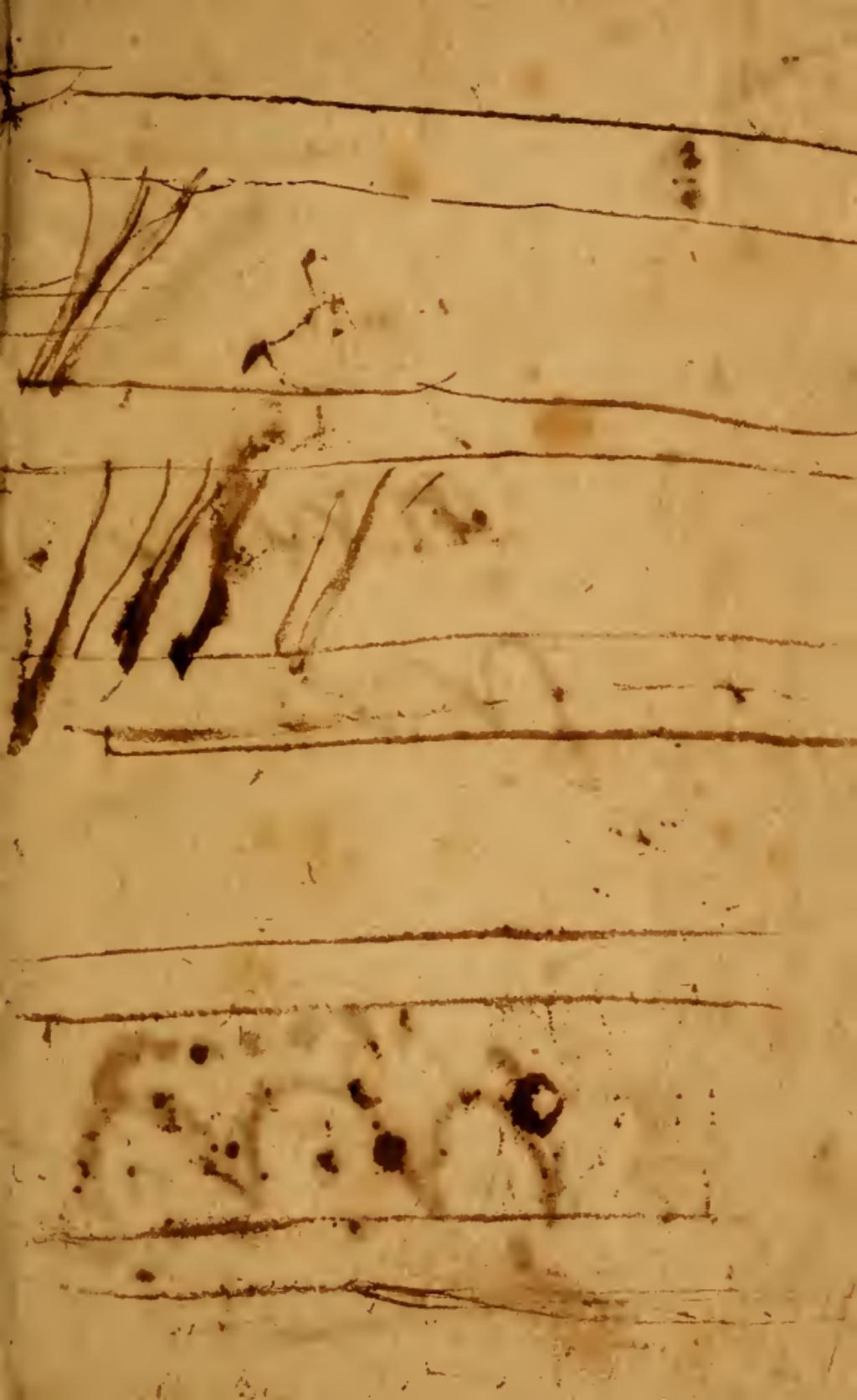
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H. M. S. S.
P S A L M S , S E W N
C A R E F U L L Y S U I T E D
T O T H E
C H I S T I A N W O R S H I P
I N T H E
U N I T E D S T A T E S
o f
A M E R I C A :
B E I N G
An Improvement of the Old Versions
o f t h e
P S A L M S o f D A V I D .

Allowed by the Rev. Synod of New-York
and Philadelphia, to be used in Churches
and private Families.

All Things written in the Law of Moses,
and the Prophets, and the Psalms con-
cerning Me, must be fulfilled.

H A R R I S B U R G H :
P R I N T E D B Y J O H N W Y E T H .

1 7 9 9 .

To the R E A D E R.

IT is acknowledged by the best Judges of the Sacred Text, that the Book of Psalms, in its original Dress, is a Collection of the most elevated and sublime Compositions that are to be found in any Language ; and it has been often lamented, that so much of the Piety, Dignity and Poetic Excellence of the Original, has been lost in all the attempts that have been yet made, to give us a literal Translation of it in English Verse. Many Christians have also wished to see the Substance of this excellent Collection, clothed in Language more adapted to the brighter Discoveries of the Gospel, and the State of the Christian Worship ; that they may be sung with Understanding and Devotion, and thereby contribute to the Elevation and Improvement of the Christian Temper. This has been happily executed by the learned and pious Dr. Watts—and the Psalms which he omitted, have been supplied by Mr. Barlow, nearly in the same Spirit and Style ; and all local References, which were found in Dr. Watt's Imitation, have been carefully altered, so as to render the Composition better adapted to the Circumstances in every Country.

IMITATION
OF THE
PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM I. Common Metre,
The Way and End of the Righteous and the
Wicked.

1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat :

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 [He like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4 Green as the leaf and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine,
While fruit of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust ;

What vain designs they form !

6 Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,

When CHRIST the judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread ;
His heart approves it well ;

But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

P S A L M I. Short Metre.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

1 THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinners ways,
Among their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place :

2 But makes the law of GOD
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root ;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live ;
His works are heav'nly fruit.

4 Not so the ungodly race,
They no such blessings find ;
Their hopes shall flee, like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints at CHRIST's right hand
In full assembly meet ?

6 He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go ;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

P S A L M I. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous
and the Wicked.

1 **H**APPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning-light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord ;
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.

3 He like a plant by gentle streams
Shall flourish in immortal green ;
And heaven will shine with kindest beams
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd ;
As chaff before the tempest flies ;
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
 In judgment with the pious race ;
 The dreadful Judge with stern command
 Divides them to a different place.

6 " Strait is the way my saints have trod,
 " I bless the path, and drew it plain ;
 " But you would choose the crooked road ;
 " And down it leads to endless pain."

P S A L M 2. Short Metre.

Translated according to the Divine Pattern.
 Acts iv. 24. &c.

Christ Dying, Rising, Interceding, and Reigning.

1 [M]AKER and sov'reign Lord
 Of heaven and earth and seas,
 Thy providence confirms thy word,
 And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
 By David are fulfill'd ;
 When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
 Jesus, thine holy Child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
 And Jews with one accord
 Join all their councils to destroy
 Th' Anointed of the Lord ?

4 Rulers and Kings agree
 To form a vain design ;
 Against the Lord their powers unite,
 Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne ;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
Hath own'd him for his son.

P A U S E.

6 Now he's ascended high,
To rule the subject earth ;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

7 Beneath his sovereign sway
The Gentile nations bend ;
Far as the world's remotest bounds,
His kingdom shall extend

8 The nations that rebel,
Must feel his iron rod ;
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne ;
With trembling joy, ye people bow,
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place ;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

P S A L M 2. Common Metre.

1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son ?
Why did they cast his laws away
And tread his gospel down ?

2 The Lord that sits above the skies,
 Derides their rage below,
 He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
 And strikes their spirits through.

3 " I call him my eternal Son,
 " And raise him from the dead !
 " I make my holy hill his throne,
 " And wide his kingdom spread.

4 " Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
 " The utmost heathen lands ;
 " Thy rod of iron shall destroy
 " The rebel that withstands."

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
 Obey th' anointed Lord,
 Adore the King of heavenly birth,
 And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne,
 For if he frown, ye die ;
 Those are secure, and those alone
 Who on his grace rely.

P S A L M 2. Long Metre:
 Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.

1 **W**HY did the Jews proclaim their rage ?
 The Romans why their swords employ ?
 Against the Lord their power engage,
 His dear Anointed to destroy !

2 " Come let us break his bands, they say,
 " This man shall never give us laws ;"
 And thus they cast his yoke away,
 And nail'd the Man to the cross.

3 But God, who high in Glory reigns,
 Laughs at their pride, their rage controls :
 He'll smite their hearts with inward pains,
 And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 "I will maintain the king I made
 "On Zion's everlasting hill,
 "My hand shall bring him from the dead,
 "And he shall stand your sovereign still."

5 [His wondrous rising from the earth
 Makes his eternal Godhead known ;
 The Lord declares his heavenly birth :
 "This day have I begot my Son.

6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right-hand
 "There thou shalt ask, and I bestow,
 "The utmost bounds of heathen lands ;
 "To thee their suppliant tribes shall bow."]

7 But nations that resist his grace
 Shall fall beneath his lifted rod ;
 His arm shall crush the impious race,
 That dare provoke th' avenging God.

P A U S E.

8 Now ye that sit on earthly thrones,
 Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb ;
 Now to his feet submit your crowns,
 Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love address the Son,
 Lest he grow angry and ye die,
 His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
 His love gives life above the sky.

10 His storms shall quell the stubborn foes,
And sink his honours in the dust :
Happy the souls, their God that knows,
And make his grace their only trust.

P S A L M 5. Common Metre:

Doubts and Fears suppressed ; or, God our
Defence from Sin and Satan.

1 **M**Y God how many are my fears ?
How fast my foes increase ?
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heaven,
And all my growing sins appear
Too great to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory, and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cry'd, and from the holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear ;
I call'd my father and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes ;
I woke and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

6 What tho' the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood :
Terrors no more shall shake my soul ;
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy Grace,
While I thy glory sing ;
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sling.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save ;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

P S A L M 3. Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.

A Morning Psalm.

1 O Lord, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood ?
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry ;
Thou heardst when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heavenly aid
I laid me down and slept secure,
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night ;
Salvation doth to God belong :

He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes my praise his morning song.

PSALM 4. Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7. Long Metre.
Hearing of Prayer ; or God our Portion, and
Christ our Hope.

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain :
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame ;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare approach my Saviour's name ?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside ;
He hears and pities their complaints,
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly good ?"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray ;
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace divine, and love so great ;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their wealth and boasted state.

P S A L M 4. Ver. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre,
An Evening Hymn.

1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am forever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep :
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

P S A L M 5. Common Metre,
For the Lord's Day Morning.

1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear. -

5 O may thy spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty strait,
And plain before my face.

P A U S E.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray ;
They flatter with a base design,
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy :
While those that in thy mercy trust,
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

P S A L M 6. Common Metre.

Complaint in Sickness ; or, Diseases healed.

1anger, Lord, do not chastise,
Withdraw the dreadful storm :
Nor let thine awful wrath arise
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppres'd ;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and grief wear out my days ;
I waste the night with cries,
And count the minutes as they pass,
'Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more ?
My eyes consum'd with grief :
How long, my God, how long, before
Thine hand afford relief ?

5 He hears his mourning children speak,
He pities all our groans ;
And saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word,
Restores our fainting breath ;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

P S A L M 6. Long Metre.

Temptations in Sickness overcome.

1 **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise ;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise !

2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel ;

The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal !

- 3 See how in sighs I pass my days,
And waste in groans the weary night :
My bed is water'd with my tears ;
My grief consumes, and diuns my sight.
- 4 Look how the powers of nature mourn !
How long, Almighty God, how long ?
When Shall thine hour of grace return ?
When shall I make thy grace my song ?
- 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair :
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.
- 6 Depart, yē tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart ;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh and cheer my heart.

P S A L M 7. Common Metre.
God's Care of his People, and Punishment of
Persecutors.

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heavenly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God :
Rise and my helpless life defend,
From those that seek my blood.
- 2 With insolence and fury they
My soul to pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliverer's near.

3 If e'er my pride provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay my honour low.

4 If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes ;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r controul ;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

P A U S E.

6 Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust :
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just ?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright :
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 Tho' leagu'd in guile their malice spread,
A snare before my way ;
Their mischiefs on their impious head,
His vengeance shall repay.

9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword ;
Awake my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

P S A L M 8. Short Metre.

God's Sovereignty and Goodness ; and Man's Dominion over the Creatures.

1 **O** LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies.

3 When I survey the stars
And all their shining forms,
LORD, what is man, that worthless thing,
A-kin to dust and worms ?

4 **L**ORD, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so ?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honour's crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey ;
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are !
And wond'rous are thy ways ;
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

7 [From mouths of feeble babes
And sucklings, thou canst draw

Surprising honours to thy name !
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

P S A L M 8. Common Metre,
Christ's Condescension and Glorification ; or,
God made Man.

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And shining stars that grace the sky,
Those moving worlds of light.

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so ?

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm ?

5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Behold obedient nature own,
His Godhead and his pow'r,

6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet ;
 And fish at his command,
 Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
 Bring tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son,
 Shone through the fleshy cloud ;
 Now we behold him on his throne,
 And men confess him God.

8 Let him with majesty be crown'd,
 Who bow'd his head to death ;
 And his eternal honours found,
 From all things that have breath.

9 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
 Is thine exalted name !
 The glories of thy heav'nly slate.
 Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM 8. Ver. 1, 2. paraphrased. First Part. L. M.
 The Hosanna of the Children ; or,
 Infants praising God.

1 **A** LMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
 'Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
 And thine eternal glories rise
 O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
 Their sounding notes of honour raise ;
 And babes with uninstructed tongue.
 Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy pow'r afflts their tender age
 To bring proud rebels to the ground,

To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemers's face ;
The Son of David, is their song,
And loud Hosannas fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring ;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

PSALM 8. Ver. 3,&c. paraphrased. S. Part. L. M.

Adam and Christ, Lords of the Old and
New Creation.

1 LORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust
That thou should'st set him and his race,
But just below an angel's place ?

2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below ;
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet ?

3 But O ! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state ?
What honours shall thy Son adorn ;
Who condescended to be born ?

4 See him below his angels made ;
Behold him number'd with the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin ;
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
 The mis'ries that attend the fall ;
 New made and glorious shall submit
 At our exalted Saviour's feet.

P S A L M 9. First Part. Common Metre
 Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my song ;
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim,
 Thou sov'reign judge of right and wrong
 Wilt put thy foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace ;
 My God prepares his throne
 To judge the world in righteousness,
 And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
 For all the poor oppres'd ;
 To save the people of his love,
 And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name will trust
 In thy abundant grace ;
 For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
 Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
 Who dwells in Zion's Hill,
 Who executes his threat'ning word,
 Whose works his grace fulfil.

P S A L M 9. Ver. 12. Second Part. C. M.
 The wisdom and Equity of Providence.

1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
 Shall once enquire for blood ;

The humble souls that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise :

In Zion's gates with cheerful breath,
They sing their Fathers's praise.

3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet,
Into the pit they made ;

And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.

4 Thus by thy judgment, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known :

When men of mischief are destroy'd,
In snares that were their own.

P A U S E.

5 The wicked shall sink down to hell ;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.

6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor ;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,

Make them confess, that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

P S A L M 10. Common Metre.

Prayers heard, and Saints saved ; or, Pride, Atheism, and Oppression punished.—For a humiliation day.

1 **W**HY doth the Lord depart so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress ?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy laws ?

Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And slight their righteous cause ?

3 They cast thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor ;

They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry ;

No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.

P A U S E.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride,

The God of heav'n will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side ?

6 But thou forever art our Lord,
And powerful is thine hand,

As when the Heathens felt thy sword,
And perish'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear ;
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy saints from fear.

8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just ;
And mighty sinners shall confess,
They are but earth and dust.

P S A L M II. Long Metre.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked,

1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love ;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
Fly like a tim'rous trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly ?

2 If government be once destroy'd,
(This firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress ?

3 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne,
His eye surveys the world below :
To him all mortal things are known ;
His eye-lids search our spirits through.

4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear ?
His soul abhors their wicked ways.

5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Sulphurous flames of wasting death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

P S A L M 12. Long Metre.

The Saints Safety and Hope in evil Times: Or,
Sins of the Tongue complained of, viz. Blasphemy,
Falshood, &c,

1 A LMIGHTY God appear and save!
For vice and vanity prevail:

The godly perish in the grave,
The just depart, the faithful fail.

2 The whole discourse, when clouds are met,
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long:
The God of vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaspheming tongue.

4 Yet shall our words be free, they cry,
Our tongue shall be controul'd by none:
Where is the Lord, will ask us why?
Or say, our lips are not our own?

5 The Lord, who sees the poor opprest,
And hears the oppressor's haughty strain,

Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear ;
Not silver, sev'n times purify'd
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend from danger and surprise ;
Tho' when the vilest men have pow'r,
On every side oppressors rise.

P S A L M 12. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners ; or,
The Promise and Signs of Christ's coming to
Judgment.

1 **H** ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground !
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part ;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
They Scorn our faithful word :
" Are not our lips our own ? " they cry,
" And who shall be our Lord ? "

4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry side,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is rarely to be found,
And love is waxen cold :

6 Is not thy chariot hastening on ?
Hast thou not given the sign ?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine !

7 " Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise,
" And make the oppressors flee ;
" I shall appear to their surprise,
" And set my servants free."

8 Thy word, like silver seven times try'd,
Through ages shall endure :
The men that in thy truth confide,
Shall find thy promise sure.

P S A L M 13. Common Metre.

Complaint under the Temptation of the Devil.

1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face ?
My God, how long delay ?
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
That chace my fears away ?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain ?

Thy word can all my foes controul,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the Prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts ;

He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts

4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep ;
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternall eep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
Should I become his prey !
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
To see thy long delay.

6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head ;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace
Whence all my comforts spring :
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And thy salvation sing.

P S A L M 14. First Part. Common Metre,
By Nature all Men are Sinners.

* FOOLES, in their hearts believe and say,
“ That all religion's vain,
“ There is no God that reigns on high,
“ Or minds the affairs of men.”

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds ;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne
 Look'd down on things below,
 To find the man that sought his grace,
 Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
 Their practice all the same ;
 There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
 There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
 Their slanders never cease ;
 How swift to mischief are their feet ;
 Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
 In ev'ry heart are found ;
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
 'Till grace refine the ground.

P S A L M 14. Second Part. Common Metre
 The Folly of Persecutors.

ARE sinners now so senseless grown
 That they the saints devour ?
 And never worship at thy throne,
 Nor fear thine awful pow'r ?

2 Great God, appear to their surprise,
 Reveal thy dreadful name ;
 Let them no more thy wrath despise,
 Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just ?
 And yet our foes deride,
 That we should make thy name our trust :
 Great God, confound their pride.

O that the joyful day was come
 To finish our distress !
 When God shall bring his children home,
 Our songs shall never cease.

P S. A. L M. 15. Common Metre.

Character of a Saint ; or, a Citizen of Zion ; or,
 the Qualifications of a Christian.

1. WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
 O God of holiness ?
 Whom will the Lord admit to dwell,
 So near his throne of grace ?
2. The man that walks in pious ways,
 And works with righteous hands ;
 That trusts his Maker's promis'd grace,
 And follows his commands.
3. He speaks the meaning of his heart,
 Nor slanders with his tongue ;
 Will scarce believe an ill report,
 Nor do his neighbour wrong.
4. The wealthy sinner he contemns,
 Loves all that fear the Lord ;
 And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
 Still he performs his word.
5. His hands disdain a golden bribe,
 And never wrong the poor ;
 This man shall dwell with God on earth,
 And find his heav'n secure.

P S A L M 15. Long Metre.

Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth ; or, Duties to God and Man ; or, the Qualifications of a Christian.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face ?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below :

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;
No flanders dwell upon his tongue,
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Or vent it to his neighbour's hurt :
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]

4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good,
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold :
While others scorn and wrong the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face ;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone :

This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

P S A L M 16. First part. Long Metre.
Confession of our Poverty ; and, Saints the best
Company ; or, Good Works profit Men, not God.

1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead ;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess
How empty and how poor I am ;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do ;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine ?
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

P S A L M 16. Second part. Long Metre.
Christ's All-sufficiency.

HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who hasten to seek some idol-god !
will not taste their sacrifice.
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon ;

He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast ;
By day his counsels guide me right ;
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes ;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

P S A L M 16. Third Part. Long Metre.
Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop :
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way,
Up to the throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

PSALM 16. Ver. 1—8. F. Part. Common Metre
Support and Counsel from God without Merit.

1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from every foe ;

In thee my trust I place,
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace ;

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may still rejoice ;

The saints, the glory of the earth,
The people of my choice.

3 Let heathens to their idols hasten,
And worship wood or stone ;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

4 His hands provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup ;

Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy ;
His counsels are my light :

He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye ;

Not death nor hell my hope shall move
While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM 16. Second Part. Common Metre
The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

7 **I** SET the Lord before my face,
“ He bears my courage up ;

“ My heart, my tongue their joys express,
 “ My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 “ My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
 “ Where souls departed are ;
 “ Nor quit my body to the grave
 “ To see corruption there.

3 “ Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
 “ And raise me to thy throne :
 “ Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
 “ Thy presence joys unknown.”

4 [Thus in the name of Christ the Lord,
 The holy David sung,
 And providence fulfils the word
 Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom ev’ry saint adores,
 Was crucify’d and slain ;
 Behold the tomb its prey restores,
 Behold he lives again.

6 When shall my feet arise and stand
 On heav’n’s eternal hills ?
 There sits the Son at God’s right hand,
 And there the Father smiles.]

P S A L M 17. Ver. 13, &c. Short Metre.
 Portion of Saints and Sinners ; or, Hope and Des-
 pair in Death.

1 **A** RISE my gracious God,
 And make the wicked flee ;
 They are but thy chastising rod
 To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain ;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store ;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God ;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heaven begun
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

P S A L M 17. Long Metre.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope ; or, the
Heaven of separate Souls, and the Resurrection.

1 L ORD, I am thine : but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience and my love ;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below ;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares ;
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;

I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there ?

5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound :
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my saviour's image rise.

P S A L M 18. First part. Long Metre.

Ver. 1—9, 15—18.

Deliverance from Despair ; or Temptation
overcome.

1 **T**HREE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence ;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade :
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,

(Which none but they that feel can tell)

While I was hurry'd to despair.

4 In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine ;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint ;
And prov'd his saving grace divine.

5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode ;
Awful, and bright as lightning, shone
The face 'of my deliverer, God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his Almighty breath :
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage ;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still
In all the wars the proud can wage.

8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour ;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

P S A L M 18.

Second Part. Ver. 20,—26. Long Metre.
Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear ;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
 I've walk'd upright before thy face :
 Or if my feet did e'er depart,
 Thy loye reclaim'd my wand'ring heart,

3 What sore temptations broke my rest !
 What wars and strugglings in my breast !
 But through thy grace that reigns within,
 I guard against my darling sin.

4 That sin that close besets me still,
 That works and strives against my will ;
 When shall thy spirit's sov'reign pow'r
 Destroy it, that it rise no more.

5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
 Deals out to mortals their reward :
 The kind and faithful souls shall find
 A God as faithful and as kind.

6 And men that love revenge shall know,
 God hath an arm of vengeance too :
 The just and pure, shall ever say,
 Thou art more pure, more just than they.

P S A L M 18. Third Part. Long Metre.
 Ver. 30, 31 34, 35, 36, &c.

Rejoice in God ; or, Salvation and Triumph.

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
 Great Rock of my secure abode :
 Who is a God beside the Lord
 Or where's a refuge like our God ?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
 Gives me his holy sword to wield ;

And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives and blessings crown his reign,
The God of my salvation lives,
The dark designs of hell are vain ;
While heav'nly peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace forever shall extend ;
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

P S A L M 18. First Part. Common Metre

Victory and Triumph over temporal Enemies.

1 W E love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine arm reveal'd ;
Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,
Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence ;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms ?
The light'ning of his spear ?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd ;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our gen'rals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill :
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

7 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest
For his own church's sake ;
The pow'rs that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.

P S A L M 18. Second Part. Common Metre.
The Conqueror's Song.

1 **T**O thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day ;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thy aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers ;
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their tow'rs.

3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found !

4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood ;
Where is the Rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful, as our God ?

5 The God of Israel ever lives ;
His name be ever blest ;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people rest.

P S A L M 19. First Part. Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.
For a Lord's Day Morning.

1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky,
Declares its maker God,
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye christian lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,

He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit ;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight ;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise my God my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

P S A L M 19. Second Part. Short Metre.
God's Word most excellent ; or, Sincerity and
Watchfulness.

For a Lord's Day Morning.

1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just,
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n !

P A U S E.

5 I heard thy word with love,
And I would fain obey :
Send thy good spirit from aboye
To guide me lest I stray,

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways ?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dear transgress.

7 Warn me of eyry sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad ;
Accept the worship and the song,
My saviour and my God.

P S A L M 19. Long Metre,
The Books of Nature, and the Scripture compared :
or, the Glory and Success of the Gospel.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy goodness shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ as all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Son of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy Judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n,
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

P S A L M 19. To the Tune of the 113th Psalm.
The Book of Nature and Scripture.

1 G REAT God, the heav'n's well order'd frame,
Declares the glories of thy name ;
There thy rich works of wonder shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless pow'r, and skill divine,

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,

Lectures of heav'ly wisdom read ;
 With silent eloquence they raise
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise ;
 And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the journeys of the sun ;
 And ev'ry nation knows their voice :
 The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice ;

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
 He smiles and speaks his maker God :
 All nature joins to show thy praise :
 Thus God in ev'ry creature shines ;
 Fair is the book of nature's lines,
 But fairer is the book of grace.

P A U S E.

5 I love the volumes of thy word :
 What light and joy those leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distrest !
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 From the discov'ries of thy law
 The perfect rules of life I draw :
 These are my study and delight ;
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that hath the furnace pass'd
 Appear so pleasing to the sight.

7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
 And warn me where my danger lies ;
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free, but large reward.

8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
 My God, forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain :
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read thy book of grace
 And book of nature not in vain.

P S A L M 20. Long Metre.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

1 **N**OW may the God of pow'r and grace
 Attend his people's humble cry !.
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
 And brings' deliv'rance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
 When bucklers fail and brazen walls ;
 He from his sanctuary sends
 Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
 His love exceeds our best deserts :
 His love accepts the sacrifice
 Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope,
 And in the name of Israel's God,

Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our natives spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boast :
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight !
Our foes shall fall and die with shame ;
Or quit the field with coward flight.]

7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

P S A L M 21. Common Metre.

National Blessings acknowledged.

1 IN thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favour'd realms rejoice ;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heav'n their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, thro' nations round,
Hath spread our rising name,
And all our feeble efforts crown'd
With freedom and with fame.

3 In deep distress our injur'd land
Implor'd thy power to save ;
For life we pray'd ; thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.

4 Thy mighty arm, eternal power,
Oppos'd their deadly aim,
In mercy swept them from our shore,
And spread their sails with shame.

5 On thee, in want, in woe or pain,
Our hearts alone rely ;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous power declare,
And still exalt thy fame ;
While we glad songs of praise prepare,
For thine Almighty name.

P S A L M 21 1-9. Long Metre.
Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace,
But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

2 How great the blest Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand !
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kindom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold :
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine :
Blest with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes,
 And as a fiery oven glows
 With raging heat and living coals,
 So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

PSALM 22. 1—16. First part. Common Metre
 The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

1 **W**HY has my God my soul forsook,
 Nor will a smile afford?
 (Thus David once in anguish spoke,
 And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
 Among thy praising saints,
 Yet thou canst hear our grean as well,
 And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
 And great deliv'rance found:
 And I'm a worm despis'd of men,
 And trodden to the ground.

4 With shaking head they pass me by,
 And laugh my soul to scorn:
 In vain he trusts in God, they cry,
 Neglected and forlorn.

5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh,
 By thine almighty word;
 And since I hung upon the breast
 My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my father hide his face
 When foes stand threatening round,
 In the dark hour of deep distress,
 And not an helper found?

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
By foes encompas'd fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
To multiply the smart ;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heay'nly Father bruise
The son he loves so well ?

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup ;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath ;
Thy heavy hand has brought me down,
Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand :
My dying flesh shall rest in hope
And rise at thy command.

PSALM 22. Ver. 20, 21, 27—31. Sec. Part. C. M.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

! "N OW from the roaring lion's rage,
"O Lord, protect thy Son,

1 Nor leave thy darling to engage
 " The powers of hell alone."

2 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray
 With mighty cries and tears,
 God heard him in the dreadful day,
 And chas'd away his fears.

3 Great was the vic'ry of his death,
 His throne exalted high ;
 And all the kindreds of the earth
 Shall worship or shall die.

4 A num'rous offspring must arise
 From his expiring groans ;
 They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
 For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble souls shall see
 His table richly spread ;
 And all that seek the Lord shall be
 With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness
 Of our incarnate God,
 And nations yet unborn profess
 Salvation in his blood.

P S A L M 22. Long Metre.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,
 When he complain'd in tears and blood,
 As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn ;
“ He rescu’d others from the grave,
“ Now let him try himself to save.

3 “ This is the man did once pretend
“ God was his father and his friend ;
“ If God the blessed lov’d him so,
“ Why doth he fail to keep him now ?”

4 Oh savage people ! cruel priests !
How they stood round like raging beasts ;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet ;
Till streams of blood each other meet ;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

6 But God his father heard his cry ;
Rais’d from the dead he reigns on high ;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace !

P S A L M 23. Long Metre.
God our Shepherd.

1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord,
Now shall my wants be well supply’d ;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest,
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake ;
 But he restores my soul to peace,
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
 In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
 Where death and all its terrors are,
 My heart and hope shall never fail,
 For God, my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
 Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;
 Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
 Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
 Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
 To see my table spread so well
 With living bread and cheerful wine.

7 [How I rejoice, when on my head
 Thy spirit condescends to rest !
 'Tis a divine anointing shed,
 Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
 Attend his household all their days :
 There will I dwell to hear his word,
 To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

P S A L M 23. Common Metre.

1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,
 Jehovah is his name ;
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
 When I forsake his ways,
 And leads me for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay ;
 One word of thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand in sight of all thy foes
 Doth still my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days ;
 O may thy house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise !

6 There would I find a settled rest,
 (While others go and come)
 No more a stranger or a guest,
 But like a child at home.

P S A L M 23. Short Metre.

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
 I shall be well supply'd ;
 Since he is mine and I am his,
 What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place,
 Where heav'nly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread :
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love ;
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to seek thy praise.

P S A L M 24. Common Metre.
Dwelling with God.

1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's
With Adam's num'rous race ;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods.
And built it on the seas.

2 But who among the sons of men
May visit taine abode ?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace ;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our soul's immortal pow'rs,
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The king of glory's near.

5 The king of glory ! Who can tell
The wonders of his might ?
He rules the nations ; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

P S A L M 24. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in Heaven ; or, Christ's Ascension.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds ;
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky ;
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God ?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord, the saviour blefs,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face ;
These shall enjoy the blissful fight
And dwell in everlasting light.

P A U S E.

5 Rejoice ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh ;

Who can this King of glory be ?

The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour's way :
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell,

Rais'd from the dead in awful state,
He opens heav'n's eternal gate,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

S A L M 25. I—II. First Part. S. M.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction,

I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name ;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame,

Sin and the pow'rs of hell
Persuade me to despair ;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

From beams of dawning light
Till ev'ning shades arise,
or thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth ;
forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
 The meek shall learn his ways,
 And ev'ry humble sinner find
 The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness sake
 He saves my soul from shame :
 He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
 Thro' my Redeemer's name.

P S A L M 25. 12. 14. 10. 13. Second Part

Short Metre. Divine Instruction.

1 **W**HERE shall the man be found,
 That fears t' offend his God,
 That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
 And trembles at the rod ?

2 The Lord shall make him know
 The secrets of his heart,
 The wonders of his cov'nant show,
 And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his pow'r
 Are truth and mercy still,
 With such as keep his cov'nant sure,
 And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
 Before their Maker's face,
 Their seed shall taste the promises
 In th eir extensive grace.

PSALM 25. 15—22. Third Part. Short Metre.
Distress of Soul; or, Backsliding and Deser-tion.

1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promis'd grace
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand assist my feet
To 'scape the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With ev'ry morning light
My sorrow now begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

P A U S E.

Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

Oh keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,

For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again ;
Of Isra'l it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

P S A L M 26. Long Metre.

Self-examination ; or, Evidences of Grace.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart :
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies :
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear
Array'd in robes of innocence ;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell ;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints and near my God.

P S A L M 27. 1—6. First Part.

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength ; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires ;
O grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests
And see thy beauty still :
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there enquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 27. Ver. 8, 9, 13, 14. Sec. Part. C. M.

Prayer and Hope.

1 **S**OON as I heard my father say,
“ Ye children, seek my grace,”
My heart reply’d without delay,
“ I’ll seek my Father’s face.”

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away ;
 God of my life, I fly to thee
 In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God will make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
 Had not my soul believ'd,
 To see thy grace provide relief,
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up ;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

P S A L M 28. Long Metre,
 God the Refuge of the Afflicted.

1 To thee, O Lord, I raise my cries ;
 My fervent prayer in mercy hear ;
 For ruin waits my trembling soul,
 If thou refuse a gracious ear.

2 When suppliant tow'r'd thy holy hill,
 I lift my mournful hands to pray,
 Abhor thy grace, nor drive me still,
 With impious hypocrites away.

3 To sons of falsehood, that despise
 The works and wagers of thy reign,

Thy yet geance gives the due reward,
And sinks their souls to endless pain.

4 But, ever blessed be the Lord,
Whose mercy hears my mournful voice,
My heart, that trusted in his word,
In his salvation shall rejoice.

5 Let ev'ry saint, in sore distress,
By faith approach his Saviour, God ;
Then grant, O Lord, thy pard'ning grace,
And feed thy church with heav'nly food.

P S A L M 29. Long Metre.
Storm and Thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r,
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud
Thro' ev'ry ocean, ev'ry land ;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And light'nings blaze at his command,

3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around ;
The fearful hait, and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break ;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,
 The thund'rer, reigns for ever king ;
 But makes his church his blest abode,
 Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language, there the Lord
 The counsel of his grace imparts ;
 Amidst the raging storm, his word
 Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

P S A L M 30. First Part. Long Metre
 Sickness healed, and Sorrows removed.

1 **I** WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
 At thy command diseases fly :
 Who but a God can speak and save
 From the dark borders of the grave ?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove
 How large his grace, how kind his love,
 Let all your pow'rs rejoice, and trace
 The wond'rous records of his grace.

3 His anger but a moment stays ;
 His love is life and length of days :
 Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
 The morning star restores the joy.

PSALM 30. Ver. 6. Second Part. Long Metre
 Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,
 And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night :
 Fondly I said within my heart,
 " Pleasure and peace, shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long ;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee my God
“ What canst thou profit by my blood ?
“ Deep in the dust can I declare
“ Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?

4 “ Hear me, O God of grace, I said,
“ And bring me from among the dead ? ”
Thy word rebuk’d the pains I felt,
Thy pard’ning love remov’d my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn’d to joy and praises now ;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne’er be silent of thy name ;
Thy praise shall sound thro’ earth and heav’n,
For sickness heal’d and sins forgiv’n.

PSALM 31. Ver. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. F. Part. C.M.
Deliverance from Death.

1 **T**O thee, O God of truth and love,
My spirit I commit ;
Thou hast redeem’d my soul from death,
And sav’d me from the pit.

2 Despair and comfort, hope and fear
Maintain’d a doubtful strife ;

While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.

3 " My time is in thy hand, I cry'd,
" Though I draw near the dust ? "

Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

P A U S E.

5 'Twas in my haste, my spirit said,
" I must despair and die,
" I am cut off before thine eyes ? "
But thou hast heard my cry.

6 Thy goodness how divinely free !
How sweet thy smiling face,
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promis'd grace.

7 Oh love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud ;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

PSALM 31. Ver. 7—33, 11—21. Sec. Part. C. M
Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my heav'nly trust ;
Thou hast preserv'd me free from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

2 " My life is spent with grief, I cry'd,
 " My years consum'd in groans,
 " My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd;
 " And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies my name
 A proverb vile was grown,
 While to my neighbours I become
 Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on ev'ry side,
 Seiz'd and beset me round,
 I to thy throne of grace apply'd
 And speedy rescue found

P A U S E.

5 How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought
 Before the sons of men!
 The lying lips to silence brought,
 And made their boasting vain!

6 Thy children from the strife of tongues
 Shall thy pavilion hide,
 Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
 And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
 Let me forever dwell;
 No fenced city wall'd and barr'd
 Secures a faint so well.

P S A L M 32. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

1 O H bleſſed ſouls are they
 Whose ſins are cover'd o'er;

Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound,
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

P S A L M 32. Common Metre.

Free Pardon and sincere Obedience ; or, Confession and Forgiveness.

- 1 **H**OW blest the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin,
But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood
Hath made his garments clean !
- 2 And blest beyond expression he,
Whose debts are thus discharg'd ;
While from the guilty bondage free
He feels his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere :
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes ;
To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt suppress,
No quiet could I find ;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd,
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray ;
When like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

P S A L M. 32. First part. Long Metre.
Repentance and free Pardon ; or, Justification and
Sanctification.

1 **B**LEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Before his judgment seat the Lord
No more permits his crimes to rise ;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins !

While a bright evidence of grace
Through all his life appears and shines.

P S A L M 32. Second Part. Long Metre.
A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and Par-
don.

1 **W**HILE I keep silence and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel !
What agonies of inward smart !

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess ;
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
Thine holy spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat :
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear ?
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

P S A L M 33. First Part. Common Metre.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This works belongs to you :
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just and true !

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heay'n and earth proclaim ;

His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wond'rous name.

His word, with energy divine,
Those heav'nly arches spread,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the heav'ns pervade.

He taught the swelling waves to flow
To their appointed deep ;
Bade raging seas their limits know,
And still their station keep.

Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand ;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

He scorns the angry nations rage,
And breaks their vain designs ;
His counsel stands thro' ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

S A L M 33. Second Part. Common Metre,
Creatures vain ; and God All sufficient.

BLEST is the nation, where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne ;
There he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold ;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

6 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave :
Nor speed nor courage of an horse
Can his bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
Nor springs our safety thence ;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust :
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just,
Among ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne ;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM 33. As the 113th Psalm. First Part
Works of Creation and Providence.

1 **Y** E holy souls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice
Great is your theme, your songs be new ;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true !

2 Behold, to earth's remotest ends,
His goodness flows, his truth extends :
His pow'r the heav'nly arches spread :
His word, with energy divine,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the circling heav'ns pervade.

His hand collects the flowing seas ;
 Those wat'ry treasures know their place,
 And fill the store-house of the deep :
 He spake, and gave all nature birth ;
 And fires and seas, and heav'n and earth
 His everlasting orders keep.

Let mortals tremble and adore
 A God of such resistless pow'r,
 Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :
 Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
 But his eternal counsel stands,
 And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM 33. As the 113th Psalm. Second Part,
 Creatures vain, and God All-sufficient.

O H happy nation, where the Lord
 Reveals the treasure of his word,
 And builds his church, his earthly throne !
 His eye the heathen world surveys,
 He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
 But God their Maker is unknown.

Let kings rely upon their host,
 And of his strength the champion boast,
 In vain they boast, in vain rely ;
 In vain we trust the brutal force,
 Or speed or courage of an horse,
 To guard his rider or to fly.

The arm of our Almighty Lord,
 Doth more secure defence afford,
 When deaths or dangers threat'ning stand :
 Thy watchful eye preserves the just,

Who make thy name their fear and trust.

When wars or famine waste the land,

4 In sickness or the bloody field

Our great physician and our shield,

Shall send salvation from his throne ;

We wait to see thy goodness shine ;

Let us rejoice in help divine,

For all our hope is God alone.

P S A L M 34. First Part. Long Metre.
God's Care of his Saints ; or, Deliverance by
Prayer.

1 L ORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue :
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Let ev'ry heart exalt his name ;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groanings reach'd his ears :
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heav'ly joy their faces shine,
A beam of mercies from the skies
Fills them with light and love divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents ;
Around the men that serve the Lord ;

Oh fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, rear through all the wood ;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

SALM 34. 11—12. Second Part. Long Metre,
Religious Education ; or, Instructions of Piety

CHILDREN, in years or knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, you parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds empoy.

If you desire length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal slate,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries ;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh ;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.

He tells their tears, he counts their groans ;
His son redeems their souls from death ;
His spirit heals their broken bones,
His praise employs their tuneful breath.

P S A L M 34. 1—10. First Part. Com. Metre.

Prayer and praise for eminent Deliverance.

1 **I**'l bless the Lord from day to day;

How good are all his ways !

Ye humble souls that use to pray,

Come help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,

How a poor suff'rer cry'd,

Nor was his hope expos'd to shame ,

Nor was his suit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,

and endless fears arose,

Like the loud billows of a flood,

Redoubling all my woes.

4 I told the Lord my sore distress,

With heavy groans and tears,

He gave my sharpest torments ease,

And silenc'd all my fears.

P A U S E.

5 [Oh sinners, come and taste his love,

Come learn his pleasant ways,

And let your own experience prove,

'The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids the angels pitch their tents,

Round where his children dwell ;

What ills their heav'nly care prevents,

No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [Oh love the Lord, ye saints of his ;

His eye regards the just,

How richly blest their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust !

Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,
And famish in the wood :
But God supplies his holy poor
with ev'ry needful good.]

S A L M 34. 11—22. Second Part. C. M.
Exhortation to Peace and Holiness.

COME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

Depart from mischief, practice love,
Pursue the works of peace ;
o shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry ;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

What tho' the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

Evil shall smite the wicked dead ;
But God secures his own,
revents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

5 When desolation like a flood
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

P S A L M 35. Ver. 12, 13, 14. C. M.
Love to Enemies ; or, the Love of Christ to Sinners
typified in David.

1 **B**EHOLD the love, the gen'rous love
That holy David shows ;
Behold this kind compassion move
For his afflicted foes.

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart ;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead !
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curst him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns ;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious tyre of heavenly grace !
Thus Christ the Lord appears ;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Isra'l's king,
Blest and belov'd of God,

To save us rebels dead in sin
Paid his own dearest blood.

P S A L M 36. 5—9. Long Metre,
The Perfections and Providence of God ; or, Ge-
neral Providence and Special Grace.

1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud,
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hand,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace !
Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;
The sons of Adam in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM 36. Ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Com. Metre,
Practical Atheism exposed ; or, the Being and At-
tributes of God asserted.

1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
" Their thoughts believe there's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 What strange self flatt'ry blinds their eyes !
But there's a hast'ning hour,
When they shall see with sore surprise
The terrors of thy pow'r.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away ;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above these heav'ns created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend ;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast ;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children chuse to rest.

7 [From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,

Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

2 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.]

P S A L M 36. 1—7. Short Metre.
The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God ;
or, Practical Atheism exposed.

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
“ He hath no faith of God within,
“ Nor fear before his eyes.”

2 [He walks a while conceal’d
In a self-flattering dream,
Till his dark crimes, at once reveal’d
Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair.
Wisdom is banish’d from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed,
New mischiefs to fulfil ;
He sets his heart, and hand, and head
To practice all that’s ill.

5 But there’s a dreadful God,
Tho’ men renounce his fear ;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky,
In heav'n his mercies dwell ;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs !
Oh never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

P S A L M 37. 1—15. First Part. C. M.
The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness and Unbelief ; or,
the Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 **W**H Y should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise ?
Or envy sinners waxing great,
By violence and lies ?

2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good ;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will ;
Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,

Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n ;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n.

P A U S E.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay,
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam ;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn,
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pierce their stubborn hearts.

PSALM 37. Ver. 16, 21, 26—31. Sec. Part. C. M.
Charity to the Poor ; or, Religion in Words and
Deeds.

1 **W**HY doth the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold ?
The meanest portion of the just,
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay ;
The saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need ;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud ;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide ;
Led by the spirit and the word
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall the righteous stand
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare ;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell forever there.

P S A L M 37. Ver. 23—57. Third Part C. M.
The Way and End of the Righteous and the
Wicked.

1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will ;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtues he approves ;

He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heav'ly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home ;
He feasts them now, and makes them heirs
Of Blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown ;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

P A U S E.

5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor god,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen ;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend ;
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

P S A L M 38. Common Metre.

Guilt of Conscience and Relief ; or, Repentance
and Prayer for Pardon and health.

1 **A** MIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord,
Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword,

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
my flesh is sorely prest ;
Between the sorrow 'and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.

3 my sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone ;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' attone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea
That sinks my comforts down ;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord I am weaken'd and dismay'd,
None of my pow'rs are whole ;
My wounds with piercing anguish bleed,
The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear,
And ev'ry sigh and ev'ry groan
Is notice'd by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope ;
My God, will hear my cry,
My God will bare my spirit up
When Satan bids me die.

8 My foes rejoice when'er I slide,
To see my virtue fail ;
They raise their , leasures and their pride,
When'er their wiles prevail.

9 But I'll confess my guilty ways,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak the seeds of grace,
And beg support divine.

10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;

O Lord of my salvation, haste,
Before thy servant die.]

PSALM 39. Ver. 1, 2, 3. First Part. Com. Metre.

Watchfulness over the Tongue; or prudence and
Zeal.

1 THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
" Now will I watch my tongue,
" Lest I let slip one sinful word,
" Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 Whene'er constrain'd a while to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That we can speak for God.

P S A L M 39. 4, 5, 6, 7. Second Part. C. M.

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,

Thou maker of my frame ;

I would survey life's narrow space,

And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,

An inch or two of time ;

Man is but vanity and dust

In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move

Like shadows o'er the plain :

They rage and strive, desire and love,

But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,

Some dig for golden ore,

They toil for heirs, they know not who,

And strait are soon no more.

What shoul I wish or wait for then

From creatures, earth and dust ?

They make our expectations vain,

And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,

My fond desires recal ;

I give my mortal interest up,

And make my God my all.

PSALM 39. Ver. 9—13. Third Part. C. M.

Sick-Bed Devotion ; or, Pleading without Repining.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,

Behold the pains I feel.

But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command ;
I'll not attempt a murmur'ring word,
Against thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes :
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust ;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were ;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I thy summons hear !

6 But if my life be spar'd a while
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,
And I'll declare thy love.

P S A L M 40. Ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. First Part.
Common Metre.

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

1 I Waited patient for the Lord,
I He bow'd to hear my cry ;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

3 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad ;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love ;
Thy mercies, Lord, how great !
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 46. Ver. 6—9. Sec. Part. Com. Metre.
The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Lord, “ your work is vain,
“ Give your burnt off'rings o'er,
“ In dying goats and bullocks slain
“ My soul delights no more.”

2 Then spake the Saviour, “ Lo I'm here,
“ My God to do thy will ;
“ Whate'er thy sacred books declare
“ Thy servant shall fulfil.

4 " Thy law is ever in my sight,
 " I keep it near my heart ;
 5 Mine eyes are open'd with delight
 " To what thy lips impart."

4 And see the blest Redeemer comes ;
 'Th' eternal son appears,
 And at th' appointed time assumes
 The body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace ;
 And much his truth he show'd,
 And preach'd the way of righteousness
 Where great assemblies stood.

5 His Father's honour touch'd his heart ;
 He pity'd sinners' cries,
 And to fulfil a Saviour's part
 Was made a sacrifice.

P A U S E.

7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
 Could wash the conscience clear ;
 But the rich sacrifice he paid
 Atoned for all our sin.

1 Then was the great salvation spread,
 And Satan's kingdom shook ;
 Thus by the woman's promis'd seed
 The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM 46. Ver. 5—10 Long Metre
 Christ our Sacrifice.

THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
 Exceed our praise, surmount our thought,

Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears ;
Assumes a body well prepar'd
And well performs a work so hard.

4 " Behold I come, (the Saviour cries,
" With love and duty in his eyes,)
" I come to bear the heavy load
" Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 'Tis written in thy great decree,
" 'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
" I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
" And lo ! thy law is in my heart.

6 " I'll magnify thy holy law,
" And rebels to obedience draw,
" When on my cross I'm lifted high,
" On to my crown above the sky.
" The spirit shall descend and show

7 " What thou hast done and what I do ;
" The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
" And all creation tune thy praise."

P S A L M 41. Ver. 1, 2, 3. Long Metre.
Charity to the Poor ; or, Pity to the Afflicted.

3 **B**LEST is the man, whose breast can move,
And melt with pity to the poor,

Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do ;
He in the time of gen'ral grief
Shall find the Lord hath mercy too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth
With sacred blessings on his head,
When drought, an pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

P S A L M 42. 1—9. First Part. C. M.
Desertion and Hope ; or, Complaint of absence
from public Worship.

1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look ;
So pants the hunted hart to find,
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet thy God again ?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast ;
The foe insults without contoul,
" And where's your God at last ? "

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days :
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load ?
My spirit, why indulge despair,
And sin against my God ?

6 Hope in the Lord whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove ;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

P S A L M 42. 6—11. Second Part,
Melancholy Thoughts reproved ; or, Hope in Af-
fliction.

MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles with tumult'ous noise
Swell like a sea, and round me spread ;
'The rising waves drown all my joys,
And roll tremend'ous o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove ;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, " my God, my heav'ly rock,

¶ Why doth thy love so long forget

“ The soul that groans beneath thy stroke ??

¶ I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,

Why should my soul indulge her grief ;

Hope in the Lord and praise him too ;

He is my rest, my sure relief.

¶ My God, my most exceeding joy,

Thy light and truth shall guide me still,

Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,

And lead me to thine heav'nly hill.

P S A L M 43. Common Metre.

Safety in divine Protection.

¶ JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause,

Against a sinful race ;

From vile oppression and deceit

Secure me by thy grace.

¶ On thee my stedfast hope depends,

And am I left to mourn ?

To sink in sorrows, and in vain

Implore thy kind return ?

¶ O send thy light to guide my feet,

And bid thy truth appear,

Conduct me to thy holy hill,

To taste thy mercies there.

¶ Then to thy altar, O my God,

My joyful feet shall rise,

And my triumphant songs shall praise

The God that rules the skies.

5 Sink not my soul, beneath thy fear,
 Nor yield to weak despair;
 For I shall live to praise the Lord,
 And bless his guardian care.

P S A L M 44. Ver. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15, 26. C. M.
 The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

1 **L** ORD, we have heard thy works of old,
 Thy works of pow'r and grace,
 When to our ears our fathers told,
 The wonders of their days.

2 They saw the beaut'ous churches rise,
 The spreading gospel run;
 While light and glory from the skies
 Through all their temples shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day,
 And in a cheerful throng
 Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
 And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
 Confusion fills our face,
 To hear the enemy blasphem'e,
 And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God
 Nor falsely dealt with heav'n,
 Nor have our steps declin'd the road
 Of duty thou hast giv'n.

6 Though dragons all around us roar
 With their destructive breath,
 And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore,
 Hard by the gates of death.

7 We are expos'd all day to die,

As martyrs for thy name ;

8 As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,

And wait the kindling flame.

9 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,

Why sleeps thy wonted grace ?

10 Why should we seem like men abhor'd,

Or banish'd from thy face ?

11 Wilt thou forever cast us off,

And still neglect our cries ?

12 For ever hide thine heav'nly love

From our afflicted eyes ?

13 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,

And dies upon the ground ;

14 Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,

And all their pow'rs confound.

15 Redeem us from perpetual shame,

Our Saviour and our God ;

16 We plead the honours of thy name,

The merits of thy blood.

P S A L M 45. Short Metre.

The Glory of Christ, The Success of the Gospel,
and the Gentile Church.

17 MY Saviour and my King,

18 M Thy beauties are divine ;

19 Thy lips with blessings overflow,

20 And ev'ry grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And rise in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or make their hearts obey,
While justice, meekness, grace and truth
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand ;
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.

[5 Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His spirit like a grateful oil
T' anoint thy sacred head.]

[6 Behold at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
A beaut'ous bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the Queen.]

7 Fair bride receive his love,
Forget thy father's house ;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;
Thy children shall his honour hug,
And taste the heav'nly joy.

P S A L M 45. Common Metre.

The personal Glories and Government of Christ.

1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,

His form divinely fair ;

None of the sons of mortal race

May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'ly grace

Upon thy lips is shed ;

Thy God with blessings infinite

Hath crow'd thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword victorious Prince,

Ride with majestic sway ;

Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,

And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, forever stands,

Thy word of grace shall prove

A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,

To rule thy saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,

Mercy is thy choice ;

And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill

With most peculiar joys.

P S A L M 45. First Part. Long Metre.

The Glory of Christ, and power of his Gospel.

1 NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing

The glories of my Saviour King,

Jesus the Lord ; how heav'ly fair

His form ! how bright his beauties are !

2 O'er all the sons of human race

He shines with far superior grace,

Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dres thee in arms most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword,
In majesty and glory ride
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart ;
Or words of mercy kind and sweet
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But grace and justice thy delight.

6 God, thine own God has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head ;
And with his sacred spirit bless'd
His first born Son above the rest.

P S A L M 45. Second Part. Long Metre.
Christ and his Church ; or, the mystical Marriage.

1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The Queen array'd in purest gold ;
The world admires her heav'nly dres ;
Her robes of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne ;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee the fav'rite of his choice ;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons, (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honours crown his head ;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread ;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

P S A L M 46. First Part. Long Metre.
The Church's Safety and Triumph among na-
tional Desolations.

1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade !
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid 'world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,

While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God !
Life, love and joy still gliding thro'
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls,
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth and arm'd with pow'r.

P S A L M 46. Second Part. Long Metre.
God fights for his Church.

- 1 **L** ET Zion in her King rejoice,
'Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise ;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid ;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made.
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores
He makes the noise of battle cease ;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Let earth in silent wonder hear
The sound and glory of his name.

5 " Be still, and learn that I am God,
" I reign exalted o'er the lands,
" I will be known and fear'd abroad,
" But still my throne in Zion stands."

6 O lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall fit secure and sing,
Nor fear the raging pow'rs of hell.

P S A L M 47. Common Metre,
Christ ascending and reigning.

1 O H for a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising thro' the sky,
With trumpets joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Isra'l stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known ;
While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords
Submit before his throne.

P S A L M 43. 1—8. First Part. S. M.
The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

1 **G**REAT is the Lord our God,
[**G** And let his praise be great ;
He makes the churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone,
How fair his heavenly grace ?

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lor'l was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty' fear.

5 When natives tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold
 Where his own flocks have been.

7 In ev'ry new distress
 We'll to his house repair,
 Recal to mind his wond'rous grace,
 And seek deliv'rance there.

P S A L M 48. 20—14. Second Part. S. M.
 The Beauty of the Church ; or, Gospel Worship
 and Order.

1 HAIL as thy name is known
 The world declares thy praise ;
 Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
 Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
 On Zion's chosen hill,
 Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
 And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
 The city where we dwell,
 Compas and view thine holy ground,
 And mark the building well.

4 The orders of thy house,
 The worship of thy court,
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
 And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise !
 How glorious to behold !

Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold:

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us 'till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

P S A L M. 49. Ver. 6—14. Fi ll Part. C. M.
Pride and Death ; or, the Vanity of Life and
Riches.

1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride ;
To see his wealth and honours flow
With ev'ry rising tide ?

2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn ?
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh was born
Of better dust than they ?

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Releas'd from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 Eternal life can ne'er be sold,
The ransom is too high ;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The impious and the brave
Quit their off'nsions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My house shall ever stand ;

“ And that my name may long abide
 “ I'll give it to my land.”

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
 How soon his mem'ry dies !
 His name is buried in the dust,
 Where his own body lies.

P A U S E.

8 This is the folly of their way,
 And yet their sons as vain
 Approve the words their fathers say,
 And act their works again.

9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
 Tho' honour raise them high,
 Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
 And like the beast they die.

10 [Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
 Death triumphs o'er them there,
 Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
 And wakes them in despair.]

PSALM 49. Ver. 14, 15. Second Part. C: Metre.
 Death and the Resurrection.

i **Y**E sons of pride, that hate the just,
 And trample on the poor,
 When death has brought you down to dust,
 Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene ;
 When will that hour appear ?
 When shall the just revive and reign
 O'er all that scorn'd them here ?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
 Call'd from the world away,
 And break the prison of the grave,
 To raise my mould'ring clay.

4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,
 Th' inheritance is sure ;
 Let men of pride their rage resume,
 But I'll repine no more.

P S A L M 49. Long Metre.

The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saints Resurrec-
 tion.

1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
 And boast the large estates they have !

How vain are riches to secure
 Their haughty owners from the grave !

2 They can't redeem an hour from death
 With all the wealth in which they trust ;
 Nor give a dying brother breath,
 When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
 Shall clasp their naked bodies round ;
 That flesh so delicately fed
 Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
 And leaves his glories in the tomb ;
 The saints shall in the morning rise,
 And hear th' oppressor's awful doom.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
 And pomp and beauty, birth and blood ;

That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

5 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode ;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell forever near my God.

PSALM 50. Ver. 1—6. First Part. C. Metres
The last Judgment ; or, the Saints rewarded.

1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the Western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
Judgment will ne'er begin ;
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His Justice and their doom.

5 “ But gather all my saints (he cries)
“ That made their peace with God,
“ By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
“ And seal'd it with his blood,

6 " Their faith and works brought forth to light,
 " Shall make the world confess
 " My sentence of reward is right,
 " And heav'n adore my grace."

PSALM 50. Ver. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. S. Part.
 Common Metre.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

1 THUS saith the Lord, " the spacious fields
 " And flocks and herds are mine,
 " O'er all the cattle of the hills
 " I claim a right divine.

2 " I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
 " Nor bullocks burnt with fire ;
 " To hope and love, to pray and praise,
 " Is all that I require.

3 " Invoke my name when trouble's near,
 " My hand shall set thee free ;
 " Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 " The honour due to me.
 " The man that offers humble praise,
 " Declares my glory best ;
 " And those that treat my holy ways,
 " Shall my salvation taste."

P S A L M 50. Ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22.
 Third Part Common Metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
 And saints surround their Lord,
 He calls the nations to attend,
 And hear his awful word.

2 " Not for the want of bullock slain
 " Will I the world reprove ;
 " Altars and rites, and forms are vain
 " Without the fire of love.

3 " And what have hypocrites to do
 " To bring their sacrifice ?
 " They call my statutes just and true,
 " But deal in theft and lies.

4 " Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
 " And sin without controul ;
 " But I shall bring your crimes to light,
 " With anguish in your soul."

5 Consider, ye, that slight the Lord,
 Before his wrath appear ;
 If once you fall beneath his sword,
 There's no deliv'rer there.

P S A L M 50. Long Metre.
 Hypocrisy exposed.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,

Who place the hope in rites and forms,
 But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
 With lips of falsehood and deceit ;
 A friend or brother they defame,
 And sooth and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
 Yet dare to seek their Maker's face ;

They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heav'n they lift their han's unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood ;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God,

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more ;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 Oh dreadful hour ! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes !
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

P S A L M 50. To a new Tune,
The last Judgment.

THE Lord, the sov'reign sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north ;
From east to west the sounding order spread
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the earth ;
No more shall atheists mock his long delay ;
His veng'ance sleeps no more ; behold the day.

2 Behold, the Judge descends, his guards are nigh,
Tempest and fire attend him down thy sky ;
Heav'n, earth and hell, draw near ; let all things
To hear his justice and the sinner's doom ; [come
But gather first my saints (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 Behold, my cov'nant stan's forever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,

And sign'd with all their names ; the Greek the
That paid the ancient worship or the new, [Jew
There's no distinction here, prepare their thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

4 I, their almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge ; Ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths, that sinners dread to hear ;
Sinners in Sion, tremble and retire ;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain,
Without the flames of love ; in vain the store
Of brutal off'rings that were mine before ;
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed, [seed.
Flocks, herds and fields, an forests where they

6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?
When did I thirst, or taste the victim's blood ?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows ?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, an gay in woven gold ?

7 Unthinking wretch ! how coul I st thou hope to
A God, a spirit, with such toys as these ? [please
While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong ;
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and a lust'lers are thy chosen friends.

8 Silent I waited with long suff'ring love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ?

And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy sin?
Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

2 Sinners, awake betimes: ye fools, be wise;
A wake before this dreadful morning rise; [mend,
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works a-
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;
Lest like a lion his last veng'ance tear.
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

P S A L M 50. To the old proper Tune.

1 T HE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations and awakes the north;
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the earth.
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His veng'ance sleeps no more: behol i the day;
Behold the Ju'ge descends; his guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.

When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners trembles, saints rejoice before him.

3 " Heav n, earth and hell, draw near; let all things
come

" To hear my justice and the sinner's doom:

" But gather first my saints, the Judge commands:

" Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion;

And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

4 " Behold my cov'nant stands forever good,
 " Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood, [Jew
 " And sign'd with all their names ; the Greek, the
 " That paid the ancient worship or the new.

There's no distinction here ; join all your voices,
 And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices.

5 " Here (saith the Lord), ye angels spread their
 thrones,

" And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons,
 " Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
 " Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward.

When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion ;
 And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

P A U S E the First.

6 " I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God, [broad
 " The sov'reign Ju'ge : ye heay'ns proclaim a-
 " My just eternal sentence, and declare
 " Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear.

When God appears all nature shall adore him,
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

7 " Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
 " Now feel my wrath, nor call my threatenings
 vain ;

" Thou hypocrite, one drest in saint's attire,
 " I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices ;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices,

8 " Not for the want of goats, or bullocks slain

" Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain

" Without the flames of love ; in vain the store
 " Of brutal off'rings that were mine before.
 Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall adore him ;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.
 " If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?
 " When did I thirst or drink thy bullocks blood ?
 " Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
 " Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they
 All is the Lord's, he rules the wide creation ; [feed.
 Gives sinners veng'ance, and the saints salvation.

" Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 " Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows ?
 " Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
 " Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?
 God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

P A U S E the Second.

11 " Unthinking wretch ! how could'st thou hope to
 " A God, a spirit, with such toys as these ? [please
 While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
 " Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong,
 Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices ;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

12 " In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends ;
 " Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends ;
 " While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits,
 " His harden'd soul divine instruction hates.
 God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

13 " Silent I waited with long suff'ring love ;
 " But did'nt thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ?
 " And I cherish such an impious thought within,
 " That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin ?
 See God appears all nations join t' adore him :
 Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 " Behold my terrors now ; my thunders roll,
 " And thy own crimes a'right thy guilty soul ;
 " Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
 " Thy bleeding heart and no deliver near.
 Judgment concludes, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices ;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

Epiphonema.

15 " Sinners awake betimes ; ye fools be wise ;
 " Awake before this dreadful morning rise :
 " Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works amend,
 " Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.
 Then join ye saints, wake ev'ry cheerful passion.
 When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

P S A L M 51. First Part Long Metre

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 **S**HOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live ;
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
 The pow'r and glory of thy grace ;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pard'ning love be found !

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd; but thou art clear ?

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

P S A L M 51. Second Part. Long Metre,

Original and actual Sin confessed.

1 L ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean,
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death,
The law demands a perfect heart ;
But we're defil'd in every part.

3 [Great God create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true ;

○ make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]

4 Behold I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace ;
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hylop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice ;
And make my broken heart rejoice.

P S A L M 51. Third Part. Long Metre.

The Backslider restored ; or, Repentance and Faith
in the Blood of Christ.

1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy light ;
Thine holy joys, my God restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song :
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

PSALM 51. Ver. 3—13. First Part. Com. Metre,
Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

1 **L** ORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes ;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise !

3 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy veng'ance well,
And earth must own it just.

3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean ;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath ;
And as my days advanced I grew
A juster prey for death.

5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love ;
Oh make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive me from thy face ;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men ;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM 51. Ver. 14—17. Sec. Part. Com. Metre.

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove,
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace ;
 Then my rejoicing tongue,
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness ;
 And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats nor heifer slain
 For sin could e'er atone ;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul opprest with sin's desert
 My God will ne'er despise :
 A humble groan, a broken heart
 Is our best sacrifice.

P S A L M 52. Common Metre.

The Disappointment of the wicked.

1 WHY should the mighty make their boast ?
 And heav'nly grace despise ?
 In their own arm they put their trust,
 And fill their mouth with lies.

2 But God in vengeance shall destroy,
 And drive them from his face ;
 No more shall they his church annoy,
 nor find on earth a place.

3 But like a cultur'd olive grow,
 Drest in immortal green,
 Thy children blooming in thy love,
 Amid thy courts are seen.

4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
 Thy saints shall rest secure,
 And all who trust thy holy word
 Shall find salvation sure.

P S A L M 52. Long Metre,

The Folly of Self-Dependance.

WHY should the haughty hero boast
His vengeful arm, his warlike host ?
While blood defiles his cruel hand,
And desolation wastes the land.

He joys to hear the captive's cry,
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh :
And when the weary'd sword would spare,
His falsehood spreads the fatal snare.

He triumphs in the deeds of wrong,
And arms with rage his impious tongue ;
With pride proclaims his dreadful pow'r,
And bids the trembling world adore.

But God heholds, and with a frown,
Cast to the dust his honours down ;
The righteous freed, their hopes recal,
And hail the proud oppressor's fall.

How long the insulting tyrant lies,
Who dar'd th' eternal pow'r despise ;
And vainly deem'd with envious joy,
His arm Almighty to destroy.

We praise the Lord, who heard our cries,
And sent salvation from the skies ;
The saints who saw our mournful days,
Shall join our grateful songs of praise.

P S A L M 53. Ver. 4—6. Common Metre.

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

ARE all the foes of Sion fools

AWho thus destroys her saints?

Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

3 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise ;
For God's avenging arm
Shall crush the hand that dares arise,
To do his children harm.

4 In vain the sons of satan boast
Of armies in array ;
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 Oh for a word from Sion's King,
Her captives to restore !
The joyful saints thy praise shall sing,
And Isr'el weep no more.

P S A L M 54. Common Metre.

1 BEHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry
Before thy throne ascend,
Cast thou on us a pitying eye,
And still our lives defend.

2 For slaugt'ring foes insult us round,
Oppressive, proud and vain,
They cast thy temples to the ground,
And all our rites profane.

3 Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,
And in thy pow'r rejoice ;
Thine arm shall crush our foes to dust,
Thy praise inspire our voice.

4 Be thou with those whose friendly hand
Upheld us in distress,
Extend thy truth through ev'ry land,
And still thy people bleſs.

PSALM 55. Ver. 1, 8, 15, 17, 18, 22. Com. Met.
Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is level'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 What inward pains my heart-strings wound,
I groan with ev'ry breath ;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

4 Oh were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings ;
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
To 'ſcape the rage of hell !
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can ſave me here as well.

P A U S E.

7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
 At noon repeat my cry,
 The night shall hear me ask his grace,
 Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
 Or shield me when afraid ;
 Ten thousand angels must appear
 If he command their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
 The Lord sustains them all ;
 My courage rests upon his word,
 That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
 My lips shall spread his praise ;
 While cruel and deceitful men,
 Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM 55. Ver. 15, 16, 17 19, 22. Short Metre.

1 LET sinners take their course,
 And choose the road to death ;
 But in the worship of my God
 I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
 When morning brings the light ;
 I seek his blessings ev'ry noon,
 And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God,
 While sinners perish in surprise
 Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord ;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly pow'r can move.

P S A L M 56. Common Metre.
Deliverance from Oppression and Falsehood : or
God's Care of his People, in answer to Faith and
Prayer.

1 () THOU whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord ;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust ;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults ;

For mischiefs all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown ?
Must their devices stand ?
Oh cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand !

P A U S E.

6 God sees the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears ;
Thy mercy counts my just complaints,
And numbers all my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee :
So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust ;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise ;
I'll sing, how faithful is thy word !
How righteous all thy ways !

10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
Oh set thy pris'ner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath
May be employ'd for thee.

P S A L M 57. Long Metre.

Praise for Protection ; Grace and Truth.

1 **M**Y God in whom are all the springs,
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd : my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name ;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

P S A L M 58. As the 113th Psalm.
Warning to Magistrates.

7 **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,

When vile oppression wastes the land ?
 Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
 And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
 While gold and greatness bribe your hand ?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew
 That God will judge the judges too ?
 High in the heav'ns his justice reigns ;
 Yet you invade the rights of God ;
 And send your bold decrees abroad
 To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
 The arrow sharp the poison strong,
 And death attends where'er it wounds ;
 You hear no counsels, cries or tears ;
 So the deaf adder stops her ears !
 Against the pow'r of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God ;
 Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood ;
 And crush the serpents in the dust,
 As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
 Before the sweeping tempest flies,
 So let their hopes and names be lost.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
 Their grand'ur melts, their titles die,
 As hills of snow dissolve and run,
 Or snails that perish in their slime,
 Or births that come before their time,
 Vain births that never see the sun.

6 Thus shall the veng'ance of the Lord
 Safety and joy to saints afford ;

And all that here shall join and say,
 " Sure there's a God that rules on high,
 " A God that hears his children cry,
 " And will their suff'rings well repay."

P S A L M 59. Short Metre.

Prayer for national Deliverance.

1 FRO^u foes that round us rise,
 O God of heav'n, defend,
 Who brave the veng'ance of the skies,
 And with thy saints contend.

2 Behold, from distant shores,
 And desert wilds they come,
 Combine for blood their barb'rous force,
 And thro' thy cities roam.

3 Beneath the silent shade,
 Their sacred plots they lay,
 Our peaceful walls by night invade,
 And waste the fields by day.

4 And will the God of grace,
 Regardless of our pain,
 Permit secure that impious race,
 To riot in their reign ?

5 In vain their secret guile,
 Or open force they prove ;
 His eye can pierce there deepest veil,
 His hand their strength remove.

6 Yet save them, Lord from death,
 Lest we forget their doom ;
 But drive them with thine angry breath,
 Thro' distant lands to roam.

7 Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God ;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

P S A L M 60. Common Metre.

Looking to God in the Distress of War.

1 L ORD thou hast scourg'd our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn ;
Shall veng'ance ever guide thy hand ?
And mercy ne'er return ?

2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye,
Earth's haughty towers decay ;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

3 Our Sion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand ;
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

4 Exalt thy banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name ;
From barb'rous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God ;
In vain shall num'rous pow'rs unite,
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops, beneath thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown :
Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

P S A L M 61. Ver. 1—6. Short M^étre.
Safety in God.

1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

P S A L M 62. Ver. 5—12. Long M^étre.
No Trust in the Creatures ; or, Faith in Divine
Grace and Power.

1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge is his throne ;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face ;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
 The baser sort are vanity ;
 Laid in the balance both appear
 Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
 Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;
 Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
 And not believe what God has spoke ?

5 Once has his awful voice declar'd
 Once and again my ears have heard,
 " All power is his eternal due ;"
 He must be fear'd and trusted too.

6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
 Grace is a partner of the throne :
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
 Shall well divide our last reward.

P S A L M 63. Ver. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. First Part
 Common Metre.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

1 E ARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face ;
 My thirsty spirit faints away
 Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
 Thro' all thy temple shine ;

My God, repeat that heavenly hour;
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63. Ver. 6—10. Sec. Part. Com. Metz.
Midnight Thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
My God, my life, my hope, I said,
Bring thy salvation nigh.

3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'ly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;

My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain ;
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or in the deeps of hell.

P S A L M 63. Long Metre.
Longing after God : or, the Love of God better
than Life.

1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God ;
And I am thine by sacred ties ;
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 with heart and eyes, and lifted hands.
For thee I long, to thee I look.
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water broke.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among the saints, and seek thy face ;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

5 Not fruits, nor wines that tempt our taste,
 No pleasures that to sense belong,
 Could make me so divinely blest,
 Or raise so high my cheerful song.

6 My life itself without thy love
 No taste or pleasure could afford ;
 'T would but a tiresome burthen prove,
 If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
 When busy cares afflict my head,
 One thought of thee gives new delight,
 And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise ;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And bless the remnant of my days

P S A L M 63. Short Metre
 Seeking God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call thee mine,
 And let my early cries prevail
 To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
 Thy mercy does implore :
 Not travellers in desert lands
 Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
 I long to find my place,
 Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
 And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4 For life without thy love
 No relish can afford ;
 No joy can be compar'd with this,
 To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
 And praile thee while I live ;
 Not the rich dainties of a feast
 Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night,
 I call my God to mind ;
 I think how wise thy counsels are,
 And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
 To thee my spirit flies,
 And on thy watchful providence,
 My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings,
 My soul in safety keeps :
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

P S A L M 64. Long Metre.

1 O GREAT God, attend to my complaints
 Nor let my drooping spirit faint ;
 When foes in secret spread the snare,
 Let my salvation be thy care.

2 Shield me without and guard within,
 From treach'rous foes and deadly sin ;
 May envy, lust, and pride depart,
 And heav'nly grace expand my heart.

3 Thy justice and thy pow'r display,
And scatter far thy foes away ;
While list'ning nations leavn thy word,
And saints triumphant bless the Lord.

4 Then shall thy church exalt her voice,
And all that love thy name rejoice ;
By faith approach thine awful throne,
And plead the merits of thy Son.

PSALM 65 Ver. 1-5 13. First Part. Long Metre,
Public Prayer and Praise,

1 THE praise of Sion waits for thee,
My God ; and praise becomes thy house ;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray ;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And ev'ry yielding heart obey.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away the stain ;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee ;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

P A U S E.

5 Let Babel fear when Sion prays ;
Babel prepare for long distress.

When Sion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.

6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request ;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love to give his churches rest.

7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Sion's hill and own their Lord ;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM 65 Ver. 5-13. Second Part. Long Metre.
Divine Providence in Air, Earth and sea ; or, the
God of Nature and Grace.

1 THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears ;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Thro' all the way his terror shines.

2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known,
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frightened souls to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempests cease :
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumult'ous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form ;
Mountains establish'd by his hand
Firm on their old foundations stand.

6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze and lightnings fly,
The heathen lands with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day,
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
Laden with fruit and drest in flow'rs.

9 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply :
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the vallies yield ;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neigh'bring hills repeat their joys.

11 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play ;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.

12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine ;
 O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine ;
 Thro' ev'ry month thy gifts appear :
 Great God, thy goodness crowns the year !

P S A L M 65. First part. Common Metre.
 A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

1 PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for thee,
 There shall our vows be paid ;
 Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
 All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
 But pard'ning grace is thine,
 And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
 To conquer ev'ry sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
 To bring them near thy face,
 Give them a dwelling in thine house,
 To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,
 Thy truth and terror shine,
 And works of dreadful righteousness,
 Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
 The Lord is good and just ;
 And distant islands fly to thee,
 And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
 When signs in heav'n appear ;
 But they shall learn thy holy word,
 And love as well as fear.

PSALM 65. Second Part. Common Metre;
The Providence of God in Air, Earth and Sea ; or,
the Blessings of Rain.

TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r ;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

Thy morning light and ev'ning shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth and air are thine ;
When clouds destil in fruitful show'rs,
The author is divine.

Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky
Borne by the winds around,
Whose wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65. Third Part. Common Metre.
The Blessings of the Spring ; or, God gives Rain.
A Psalm for the Husbandman.

GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds like rivers rais'd on high,
 Pour out at his command
 Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
 'To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
 Permit the corn to spring :
 The vallies rich provision yield,
 And the poor lab'lers sing.

4 The little hills on every side
 Rejoice at falling flow'rs,
 The meadows dress'd in beauteous pride
 Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain
 Promise a joyful crop ;
 The parched grounds look green again,
 And raise the reapers hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
 How bounteous are thy ways !
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
 And shepherds shout thy praise.

P S A L M 66. First Part. Common Metre.
 Governing Power and Goodness ; or our Grace
 tried by Affliction.

1 SING all ye nations to the Lord,
 Sing with a joyful noise ;
 With melody of sound record
 His honours and your joys.

2 Say to the pow'r that form'd the sky,
 " How terrible art thou !
 " Sinners before thy presence fly,
 " Or at thy feet they bow."

3 [Come see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways?
In Moses' hand he put the rod,
And cleave the frighted seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Isr'el pass'd the flood ;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]

5 He rules by his resistless might :
Will rebel-mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war ?

6 Oh bless our God, and never cease ;
Ye saints fulfil his praise ;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,
To make our graces shine ;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

8 Thro' wat'ry deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thy unerring hand.

PSALM 66. Ver. 13—22. Second Part C. M,
Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

I **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty pow'r,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare,
To make his mercies known :.
Come ye that fear my God and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought the heav'nly aid ;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart
While pray'r employ'd my tongue ;
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God (his name be ever bless'd)
Has set my spirit free ;
Nor turn'd from him my poor request.
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM 67. Common Metre.
The Nation's Prosperity, and the Church's Increase.

2 **S**HINE mighty God, on Sion shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace ;
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 [Amidst our realm exalted high
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the fav'rite land.]

3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad ;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice ;
Let ev'ry tongue exalt his praise,
And ev'ry heart rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
In wisdom rules the worlds he made,
And bids them taste his love.

6 Earth shall obey his high command,
And yield a full increase :
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM 68. Ver. 1, 6, 32, 35. First Part. L. M.
The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

1 **L**ET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight ;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 [He comes array'd in burning flames ;
Justice and veng'ance are his names ;
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3 He rides and thunders thro' the sky.
His name Jehovah sounds on high :
Sing to his name ye sons of grace ;
Ye saints rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherless
 Fly to his aid in sharp distress
 In him the poor and helpless find
 A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

5 He breaks the Captive's heavy chain,
 And pris'ners see the light again ;
 But rebels that dispute his will,
 Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ;
 Crown him ye nations, in your song :
 His wond'rous names and pow'r's rehearse,
 His honours shall enrich your verse.

7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms ;
 How terrible is God in arms !
 In Isr'el are his mercies known,
 Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him bleſt ;
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;
 When terrors rise and nations faint,
 God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

PSALM 68. Ver. 17, 18. Sec. Part. Long Metre.

Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

1 **L**ORD when thou didſt ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels fill the sky ;
 Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend thy slate.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious when the Lord was there ;
 While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

5 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel-men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 68. Third Part. Ver. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22.
Long Metre.

Praise for Temporal Blessings ; or Common and
Special mercies.

1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with heav'ly food ;
Who pours his blessings from the skies
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends his sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits to warm the ground ;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death ;
Safety and health to God belong ;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love ;
But the wide diff'rence that remains,
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

5 The Lord that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread,

The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above ;
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM 69. Ver. 1—14. First Part. Com. Metre.

The Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.

1 " " SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods
" " Break in upon my soul ;
" " I sink and sorrows o'er my head
" " Like mighty waters roll.

2 " " I cry till all my voice is gone,
" " In tears I waste the day ;
" " My God behold my longing eys,
" " And shorten thy delay.

3 " " They hate my soul without a cause,
" " And still their number grows
" " More than the hairs around my head,
" " And mighty are my foes.

4 " " 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
" " That men could never pay,
" " And gave those honours to thy law
" " Which sinners took away.

5 " " Thus in the great Messiah's name,
" " The royal prophet mourns ;
" " Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
" " And gives us joy by turns.

6 " Now shall the saints rejoice and find
 " Salvation in my name,
 " For I have borne their heavy load
 " Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7 " Grief like a garment cloth'd me round,
 " And sackcloth was my dress,
 " While I procur'd for naked souls.
 " A robe of righteousness.

8 " Amongst my brethren and the Jews
 " I like a stranger stood,
 " And bore their vile reproach to bring
 " The Gentiles near to God.

9 " I came in sinful mortals stead
 " To do my Father's will :
 " Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,
 " They scandaliz'd my zeal.

10 " My fastings and my holy groans
 " Were made the drunkard's songs
 " But God from his celestial throne
 " Heard my complaining tongue.

11 " He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
 " Where fears beset me round ;
 " He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
 " On well-establish'd ground.

12 " 'Twas in a most accepted hour,
 " My pray'r arose on high,
 " And for my sake my God shall hear
 " The dying sinner's cry."

PSALM 69. Ver. 14, 21, 26, 29, 32. Sec. Part,
Common Metre.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

1 **N**OW let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleasures sing
The suff'rings of our great High-Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in flood of deep distress ;
How high the waters rise !
While to his heav'nly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3 " Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
" Nor hide thy shining face ;
" Why would thy fav'rite look like one
" Forsaken of thy grace ?

4 " With rage they persecute the man
" That groans beneath thy wound,
" While for a sacrifice I pour
" My life upon the ground.

5 " They tread my honour to the dust,
" And laugh when I complain ;
" Their sharp insulting slanders add
" Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 " All my reproach is known to thee,
" The scandal and the shame ;
" Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
" And lies defil'd my name.

7 " I look for pity but in vain ;
" My kindred are my grief ;

“ I ask my friends for comfort round,
“ But meet with no relief.

3 “ With vinegar they mock my thirst,
“ They give me gall for food ;
“ And sporting with my dying groans,
“ They triumph in my blood.

2 “ Shine into my distressed soul,
“ Let thy compassion save ;
“ And tho’ my flesh sink down to death,
“ Redeem it from the grave.

10 “ I shall arise to praise thy name,
“ Shall reign in worlds unknown ;
“ And thy salvation O my God,
“ Shall seat me on thy throne.”

P S A L M 69. Third Part. Common Metre,
Christ’s Obedience and death ; or God glorified and
Sinners saved.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wond’rous grace,
I bless my Saviour’s name,
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner’s shame.

2 His deep distress has rais’d us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfil’d the law which mortals broke,
And finish’d all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpets solemn sound,
Than goats or bullocks blood.

4 This shall his humble follower's see,
 And set their hearts at rest ;
 They by his death draw near to thee,
 And live forever blest.

5 Let heav'n and all that dwell on high
 To God their voices raise,
 While lands and seas assist the sky,
 And join to advance his praise.

6 Sion is thine, most holy God,
 Thy Son shall bless her gates ;
 And glory purchas'd by his blood
 For thine own Isr'el waits.

P S A L M 69. First Part. Long Metre,
 Christ's Passion and Sinners Salvation

1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record,
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord.
 Behold the rising billows toll,
 To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
 While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
 And all the sons of malice join
 To execute their curst design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
 Has made the curse a blessing prove ;
 Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
 Aton'd for crimes which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
 The honours of thy law resolv'd :
 His sorrows made thy justice known,
 And paid for follies not his own.

5 Oh for his sake our guilt forgive,
 And let the mourning sinner live :
 The Lord will hear us in his name,
 Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM 69 Ver. 7, &c. Second Part Long Metre,
 Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.

1 **T**WAS for our sake eternal God,
 Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
 Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
 While shame defil'd his sacred face.

2 The Jews his brethren and his kin,
 Abus'd the man that check'd their sin :
 While he fulfil'd thy holy laws,
 They hate him, but without a cause.

3 " [My Fathers house," said he, " was made
 " A place for worship, not for trade ;"
 Then scatt'ring all their gold and brass,
 He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]

4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
 Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood :
 Reproaches at thy glory thrown,
 He felt and mourn'd them as his own.]

5 [His friends forsook, his follow'rs fled,
 While foes and arms surround his head ;
 They curse him with a fland'rous tongue,
 And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
 And charge his lips with blasphemies :
 They nail him to the shameful tree ;
 There hung the man that dy'd for me.

7 But God beheld, and from his throne
 Marks out the men that hate his Son :
 The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
 Shall pour the veng'ance on their head.

PSALM 70. Common Metre.

Protection against personal Enemies.

1 IN haste, O God, attend my call,
 Nor hear my cries in vain ;
 Oh let thy speed prevent my fall,
 And still my hope sustain.

2 When foes insidious wound my name,
 And tempt my soul astray,
 Then let them fall with lasting shame,
 To their own plots a prey.

3 While all that love thy name rejoice,
 And glory in thy word,
 In thy salvation raise their voice,
 And magnify the Lord.

4 O thou my help in time of need,
 Behold my sore dismay ;
 In pity hasten to my aid,
 Nor let thy grace delay.

PSALM 71. Ver. 5, 9. First Part. Com. Metre.
 The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

1 M Y God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon thy truth ;
 Thine hands have held my childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r
 With all these limbs of mine ;

And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year ;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM 71. Ver. 14, 15, 16, 23, 24, 25. Second
Part. Common Metre.

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

1 M Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy graces first
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
 For some surprising sin,
 I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The vict'ries of my King !
 My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
 Shall thy salvation sing.

6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
 My Saviour and my God,
 His death has brought my foes to shame,
 And sav'd me by his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs ;
 With this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkest hour,
 Nor think the season long.]

PSALM 71. Ver. 17—21. Third Part. C. M.
 The aged Christian's Prayer and Song ; or, Old
 —Age, Death and the Resurrection.

1 **G**OD of my childhood, and my youth,
 The guide of all my days,
 I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
 And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart ?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years
 If God my strength depart ?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
 Before the rising age,
 And leave a favour of thy name
 When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
 Attends my next remove ;
 Oh may these poor remains of breath
 Teach the wide world thy love !

P A U S E.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
 Unsearchable thy deeds ;
 Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
 And oft endur'd the grief ;
 But when thy hand hath prest me sore,
 Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
 Thy sov'reign pow'r to save ;
 At thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie bury'd deep in dust,
 My flesh shall bethy care ;
 These wither'd limbs with thee I trust
 To raise them strong and fair.

P S A L M 72. First Part. Long Metre.
 The Kingdom of Christ.

1 **G**REAT God, whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
 Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.
 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
 All heav'n submits to his commands ;

His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows, newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down :
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise :
Peace, like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

P S A L M 72. Second Part. Long Metre.
Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Behold the nations with their kings ;
There Europe her best tribute brings ;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
And India shines in eastern gold ;
While Western empires own their Lord
And savage tribes attend his word.]

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant-voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring,
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeats the loud amen.]

• S A L M 73. First Part. Common Metre.
Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners
cursed.

NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,

Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.

2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
“ How pleasant and profane they live !
“ How peaceful is their death !

3 “ With well fed flesh and haughty eyes
“ They lay their fears to sleep ;
“ Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,
“ While saints in silence weep.

4 “ In vain I lift my hands to pray,
“ And cleanse my heart in vain ;
“ For I am chast'ned all the day,
“ The night renew's my pain.

5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove ;
“ Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
“ And grieve the men I love.

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe ;
Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slipp'ry place
Beside a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell ;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.

8 Lord, what an envious fool I was !
 How like a thoughtless beast !
 Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace ;
 And think the wicked blest.

10 Yet I was kept from full despair,
 Upheld by pow'r unknown :
 That blessed hand that broke the snare
 Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM 73. Ver. 23—28. Second Part. Cons.
 Metre.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
 My help for ever near,
 Thine arm of mercy held me up
 When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Thro' life's bewilder'd race ;
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
 To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me ;
 And whilst this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint,
 God is my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of ev'ry saint.

5 Behold the sinners that remove
 Far from thy presence die ;

Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM 73. Ver. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. Long Metre.
The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine.

2 But, Oh their end, their dreadful end !
Thy sanctuary taught me so :
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys how fast they flee !
Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain,
Their songs of softest harmony,
Are but a prelude to their pain.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
Too dear to purchase with my blood ?
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,

Nor is religion vain ;

Tho' men of vice may boast aloud,

And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,

And felt my heart repine,

While haughty fools with scornful eyes,

In robes of honour shine.

3 [Pamper'd with wanton ease,

Their flesh looks full and fair,

Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,

And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains

That pious souls endure,

Through all their life oppression reigns,

And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme

The everlasting God :

Their malice blasts the good man's name,

And spreads their lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing tears

Indulg'd my doubts to rise ;

“ Is there a God that sees or hears

“ The things below the skies ? ”]

7 The tumult of my thought

Held me in hard suspense,

Till to thy house my feet were brought

To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and pow'rs,
Did my mistake amend ;
I view'd the finner's life before,
But here I learnt their end.

9 On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go ;
And Oh ! that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below !

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine :
I call my God my portion now,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

P S A L M 74. Common Metre.
The Church pleading with God under sore Persecution.

1 WILL God forever cast us off !
His wrath forever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock ?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood ;
Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 List up thy feet, and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls ;
See what a wild and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang
Thy foes profanely rage ;

Amid thy gates their ensigns hang,
And there their hosts engage.

How are the seats of worship broke ?
They tear the buildings down,
And he that deals the heaviest stroke,
Procures the chief renown.

With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their rest ;
Come let us burn at once, they cry,
The temple and the priest.

And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn ;
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

No prophet speaks to calm our grief,
But all in silence mourn ;
Nor know the times of our relief
The hour of thy return.

P A U S E.

How long, eternal God, how long,
Shall men of pride blaspheme ?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame ?

Canst thou forever sit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd ?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand ?

What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown
In ages long before ?

And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,
And then secure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred pow'r blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd name?

16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy trembling dove.

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

P S A L M 75. Long Metre.
Praise to God for the return of Peace.

1 **T**O thee, most high and holy God,
To thee our thankful hearts we raise;

Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wond'rous works demand our praise.

2 To slav'ry doom'd thy chosen sons
Beheld their foes triumphant rise ;
And sore opprest by earthly thrones,
They fought the Sov'reign of the skies.

3 'Twas then, great God, with equal pow'r
Arose thy veng'ance and thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the rem'nant of thy race,

4 Thy hand that form'd the restless main,
And rear'd the mountain's awful head ;
Bade raging seas their course restrain,
And desert wilds receive their dead.

5 Such wonders never come by chance,
Nor can the winds such blessings blow ;
'Tis God the judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 Let haughty tyrants sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head ;
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire God hath made.

P S A L M 76. Common Metre.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed ; or God's
Vengeance against his Enemies proceeds from his
Church.

1 N Judah God of old was known ;
1 His name in Israel great ;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Sion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints,
 His dwelling there he chose ;
 There he receiv'd their just complaints,
 Against their haughty foes.

3 From Sion went his dreadful word,
 And broke the threat'ning spear ;
 The bow the arrows and the sword,
 And crush'd th' Assyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
 But mighty hills of prey ?
 The hill on which Jehovah dwells
 Is glorious more then they.

5 'Twas Sion's king that stop'd the breath
 Of captives and their bands ;
 The men of might sleep fast in death,
 That quells their warlike hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
 Both horse and chariots fell ;
 Who knows the terrors of thy rod !
 Thy vengeance who can tell ?

7 What pow'r can stand before thy sight
 When once thy wrath appears ?
 When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
 The earth adores and fears.

8 When God in his own sov'reign ways
 Comes down to save th' opprest,
 The wrath of man shall work his praise,
 And he'll restrain the rest.

9 [Vows to the Lord and tribute bring,
 Ye princes, fear his frown ;

His terrors shake the proudest king,
And smite his armies down.

10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel ;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Sion still.

P S A L M 77. First Part. Common Metre,
Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing;

1 **T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad hour when trouble rose,
And fill'd my heart with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief ;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Still I complain'd and still opprest,
My heart began to break ;
My God, thy wrath forbade me rest,
And kept mine eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more ;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd my judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years and ancient times
When I beheld thy face ;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before ;
And will the Lord no more be kind ?
His face appear no more ?

7 Will he forever cast me off ?
His promise ever fail ?
Has he forgot his tender love ?
Shall anger still prevail ?

8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought ;
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwelt with justice on the throne ;
And men that love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM 77. Second Part. Common Metre.
Comfort derived from ancient Providence ; or, Is-
rael delivered from Egypt, and bro t to Canaan.

1 " **H**OW awful is thy chast'ning rod !
" (May thy own children say)
" The great, the wise, the dreadful God !
" How holy is his way !"

2 I'll meditate his works of old,
Who reigns in heay'n above,

I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 He saw the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke opprest,
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of pious Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes ;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation whom he chose.

5 From slavish chains he sets them free,
They follow where he calls ;
He bade them venture thro' the sea,
And made the waves their walls,

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come ;
Backward they fled, and frightened flood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey thro' the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown ;
Terrors attend the wond'rous way
That brings thy mercies down.

8 [Thy voice with terror in the sound
Thro' clouds and darkness broke ;
All heav'n in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows thro' the sky were hurl'd,
How glorious is the Lord !
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And all his saints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock ;
 And safe by Moses' hand,
 Thro' a dry desert led his flock
 To Canaan's promis'd land.]

P S A L M 78. First Part. Common Metre.
 Providence of God recorded ; or, Pious Education
 and Instruction of Children.

1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
 Which God perform'd of old ;
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known ;
 His works of power and grace ;
 And we'll convey his wonders down,
 Thro' ev'ry rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs,
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
 Their hope securely stands,
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practise his commands.

PSALM 78. Second Part. Common Metre.
 Israel's Rebellion and Punishment : or, the Sins and
 Chastisements of God's People.

1 **Q**UH what a stiff rebellious house
 Was Jacob's ancient race !
 False to their own most solemn vows,
 And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
From his avenging hand :
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land.

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd with safety through,
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5 A wond'rous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light ;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd,
The gushing waters flow'd,
And ran in rivers by their side,
Along the desert road.

7 Yet they provoke the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand ;
" Can he with bread our host supply,
" Amidst this barren land ?

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame ;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name,

P S A L M 78. Third Part. Common Metre.
 The punishment of Luxury and Intemperance ; or
 Chastisement and Salvation.

- 1 **W**HEN Isra'l fin'd the Lord reprov'd,
 And fill'd their hearts with dread
 Yet he forgave the man he lov'd,
 And sent them heav'nly bread.
- 2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand ,
 And made his treasures known ;
 He gave the mid-night clouds command
 To pour provision down.
- 3 The manna like a morning show'r
 Lay thick around their feet ;
 The food of heav'n, so light, so pure,
 As tho' 'twere angels meat.
- 4 But they in murm'ring language said,
 " Is manna all our feast ?
 " We loath this light, this airy bread ;
 " We must have flesh to taste."
- 5 " Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"
 The Lord in wrath reply'd,
 And sent them quails like sand or dust,
 Heap'd up on ev'ry side.
- 6 He gave them all their own desire ;
 And greedy as they fed,
 His vengeance burnt with secret fire ;
 And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain the rest return'd
 And sought the Lord with tears ;
 Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
 But soon forgot their fears.

3 Oft he chas'tis'd, and still forgave,
 'Till by his gracious hand
 The nations he resolv'd to save,
 Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM 78. Ver. 32, &c. Fourth Part. L. Metre.
 Backsliding and Forgivenes ; or, Sin punished and
 Saints saved.

1 **G**REAT God, how oft did Isra'l prove
 By turns thine anger, and thy love ?
 There in a glas's our hearts may see
 How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithles Jews forgot
 The dreadful wonders God had wrought ;
 Then they provok'd him to his face,
 Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grce.

3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
 And made their travels long and vain ;
 A tedious march thro' unknown ways
 Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
 They mourn'd and sought the Lord again ;
 Call'd him the rock of their abode,
 Their high Redeemer and their God.

5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise
 As flatt'ring words or solemn lies,
 While their rebellious tempers prove
 False to his cov'nant and his love.

6 Yet could his sov'reign grace forgive
 The men who ne'er deserv'd to live ;

His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd:

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail;
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abrah'm lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

P S A L M 79. Long Metre.
For the Distress of War.

1 **B**EHOLD, O God; what cruel foes,
Thy peaceful heritage invade;
Thy holy temple stands defil'd,
In dust thy sacred walls are laid.

2 Wide o'er the vallies, drench'd in blood,
Thy people fall'n in death remain;
The fowls of heav'n their flesh devour;
And savage beasts divide the slain.

3 'Th' insulting foes, with impious rage
Reproach thy children to their face;
"Where is your God of boasted pow'r;
"And where the promise of his grace."

4 Deep from the prison's horrid glooms,
Oh hear the mournful captives sigh,
And let thy sov'reign pow'r reprieve,
The trembling souls condemn'd to die.

5 Let those, who dar'd insult thy reign,
Return dismay'd with endless shame,
While heathens, who thy grace despise,
Shall from thy veng'ance learn thy name.

6 So shall thy children, freed from death,
Eternal songs of honour raise,
And every future age shall tell,
Thy sov'reign pow'r and pard'ning grace.

P S A L M 80. Long Metre.

The Church's Prayer under Affliction ; or, The
Vineyard of God wasted.

1 **G**REAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe thro' the desert and the deep :

2 Thy church is in the desert, Lord,
Shine from on high, and light afford ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray ?
And wait in vain thy kind return ?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

P A U S E I.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands ?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground ?

L

6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit ;
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is her beauty thus defac'd ?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste ?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours the vine.

8 Return, almighty God, return ;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

P A U S E 2.

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too ;
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of promise rose.

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root ;
Himself a nobler Vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree :

11 'Tis thy own Son ; and he shall stand
Girt with thy strength at thy right hand ;
'Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With pow'r and grace above the rest.

12 Oh ! for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die :
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

P S A L M 81. Ver. 1, 8—16. Short Metre,

The Warning of God to his People ; or, Spiritual
Blessings and Punishments.

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise ;
God is our strength, our Saviour God ;
Let Isra'l hear his voice.

2 " From idols false and vain,
" Preserve my rites divine ;
" I am the Lord who broke thy chain
" Of slav'ry and of sin.

3 " Stretch thy desires abroad,
" And I'll supply them well ;
" But if ye will refuse your God,
" If Ira'l will rebel ;

4 " I'll leave them, saith the Lord,
" To their own lusts a prey,
" And let them run the dang'rous road,
" 'Tis their own chosen way.

5 " Yet Oh ! that all my saints
" Would hearken to my voice !
" Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
" And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 " While I destroy their foes,
" I'll richly feed my flock,
" And they shall taste the stream that flows
" From their eternal Rock."

P S A L M 82. Long Metre.

God the supreme Governor; or, Magistrates warned.

1 **A** MONG th' assemblies of the great

A greater ruler takes his seat;

The God of heav'n as Judge surveys

Those gods on earth and all their ways.

2 Why will ye frame oppressive laws?

Or why support th' unrighteous cause?

When will ye once defend the poor,

That foes may vex the saints no more?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know:

Dark are the ways in which they go;

Their name of earthly gods is vain,

For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son

Possess his universal throne,

And rule the nations with his rod;

He is our Judge, and he our God.

P S A L M 83. Short Metre.

A Complaint against Persecutors.

1 **A** ND will the God of grace

Perpetual silence keep?

The God of justice hold his peace,

And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold what cursed snares

The men of mischief spread;

The men that hate thy saints and thee,

Lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Against thy hidden ones,
 Their counsels they employ,
 And malice with her watchful eye
 Pursues them to destroy.

4 "Come let us join, they cry,
 "To root them from the ground,
 "Till not the name of saints remain,
 "Nor mem'ry shall be found."

5 Awake, almighty God,
 And call thy wrath to mind ;
 Give them like forests to the fire,
 Or stubble to the wind,

6 Convince their madness, Lord,
 And make them seek thy name ;
 Or else their stubborn rage confound,
 That they may die in shame.

7 Then shall the nations know
 Thy glorious dreadful word,
 Jehovah is thy name alone,
 And thou the sovereign Lord.

P S A L M 84. First Part. Long Metre.
 The Pleasure of Public Worship.

1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwelling are !
 With long desire my spirit faints,
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode ;
 My panting heart cries out for God ;
 My God ! my King ! why should I be
 So far from all my joys and thee.

5 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest ;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want ?

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne above the sky ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There to behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise,

6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate ;
God is their strength ; and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

P S A L M 84. Second Part. Long Metre.

God and his Church ; or, Grace and Glory

¶ **G**REAT God attend while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

¶ Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;
 God is our shield, he guards our way
 From alth' assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too :
 He gives us all things, and with-holds
 No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway
 The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
 And devils at thy presence flee,
 Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM 84. Ver. 1, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphras'd in Common Metre.

Delight in Ordinances of Worship ; or, God
 present in his Churches.

1 **M**Y Soul how lovely is the place
 To which thy God resorts !
 'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
 Tho' in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
 His saving pow'r displays,
 And light breaks in upon our eyes,
 With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
 Descends and fills the place,
 While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
 And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
 The secrets of thy will :
 And still we seek thy mercies there,
 And sing thy praises still.

P A U S E.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
 Whilst far from thine abode ;
 When shall I tread thy courts and see
 My Saviour and my God ?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
 And suffers no remove ;
 O make me like the sparrows blest,
 To dwell but where I love !

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
 And hear thy gracious voice,
 Exceeds a whole eternity
 Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord at thy threshold I would wait,
 While Jesus is within,
 Rather than fill a throne of slate
 Among the tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
 And the more boundless sea,
 For one blest hour at thy right hand
 I'd give them both away.

P S A L M 84. As the 148th Psalm.
 Longing for the House of God.

L ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair

The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are ;
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
 With pleasure seeks her nest,
 And wand'ring swallows long
 To find their wonted rest ;
 My spirit faints
 With equal zeal
 To rise and dwell
 Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Sion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark veil of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heav'n appears ;
 O glorious seat
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

5 To spend one sacred day,
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside :
 Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door
 Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts our hands are fill'd ;
 We draw our blessings thence :
 He shall beslow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves ;
 His hand no good with-holds
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls :
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

PSALM 85. Ver. 1, 8. First Part. Long Metre.
 Waiting for an Answer to Prayer ; or, Deliverance
 begun and completed.

1 **L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
 Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom :
 So God forgave when Isra'l sinn'd,
 And brought his wand'ring captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate ;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say ;
He'll speak, and give his people peace ;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM 85. Ver. 9, &c. Second Part. Long Metre.
Salvation by Christ.

1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord ;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n ;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd and peace is giv'n.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentler reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God ;
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

P S A L M 86. Ver. 8—13. Common Metre,
A General Song of Praise to God.

1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine,
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works' like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne,
For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord I would walk with holy feet,
Teach me thy heav'nly ways,
And all my wand'ring thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

P S A L M 87. Long Metre.

The Church the Birth Place of the Saints ; or,
Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian Church.

1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heav'nly praise ;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Sion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pay their night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old !
 What wonders are in Sion told !
 Thou city of our God below,
 Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
 Shall there begin their lives a-new :
 Angels and men shall join to sing
 The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
 Of natives in his holy mount,
 'Twill be an honour to appear
 As one new-born and nourish'd there.

P S A L M 88. As the 113th Psalm.

Loss of Friends, and Absence of Divine Grace.

1 **O** GOD of my salvation, here
 My nightly groan, my daily pray'r,
 That still employ my wasting breath ;
 My soul declining to the grave,
 Implores thy sov'reign Pow'r to save
 From dark despair and lasting death.

2 Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
 And waves of sorrows o'er me roll,
 While dust and silence spread the gloom :
 My friends, belov'd in happier days,
 The dear companions of my ways,
 Descend around me to the tomb.

3 As, lost in lonely grief, I tread
 The mournful mansions of the dead,

Or to some throng'd assembly go ;
 Thro' all alike I rove alone,
 While, here forgot and there unknown,
 The change renews my piercing woe.

4 And why will God neglect my call !
 Or who shall profit by my fall,
 When life departs and love expires ?
 Can dust and darkness praise the Lord ?
 Or wake, or brighten at his word,
 And tune the harp with heav'nly choirs ?

5 Yet thro' each melancholy day,
 I've pray'd to thee, and still will pray,
 Imploring still thy kind return—
 But oh ! my friends, my comfort's fled,
 And all my kindred of the dead
 Recal my wand'ring thoughts to mourn.

P S A L M 89. First Part. Long Metre.
 The Covenant made with Christ ; or, the true David.

1 **F**OREVER shall my song record
 The truth and mercy of the Lord ;
 Mercy and truth forever stand
 Like heav'n establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his son he sware and said
 " With thee my cov'nant first is made :
 " In thee shall dying sinners live ;
 " Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest ;
 " Thy children shall be ever blest :
 " Thou art my chosen King, thy throne
 " Shall stand eternal like my own.

“ There’s none of all my sons above
 “ So much my image or my love ;
 “ Celestial pow’rs thy subjects are,
 “ Then what can earth to thee compare ?

5 “ David, my servant, whom I chose,
 “ To guard my flock, to crush my foes ;
 “ And rais’d him to the Jewish throne,
 “ Was but a shadow of my Son.

6 Now let the church rejoice and sing ;
 Jesus her Saviour and her King :
 Angels his heav’nly wonders show,
 And Saints declare his works below.

P S A L M 89. First Part. Common Metre.
 The Faithfulness of God.

1 **M**Y never-ceasing song shall show
 The mercies of the Lord ;
 And make succeeding ages know
 How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
 Shall firm as heav’n endure ;
 And if he speak a promise once,
 Th’ eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
 The promis’d Jewish throne !
 But there’s a nobler cov’nant seal’d
 To David’s greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
 A throne above the skies ;
 The meazest subject of his grace
 Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wond'rous ways

Are sung by saints above :

And saints on earth their honours raise

To thy unchanging love.

PSALM 89. Ver. 7, &c. Sec. Part. Com. Metre
Power and Majesty of God; or, Reverential Worship.

1 **W**ITH rev'rence let the saints appear,

And bow before the Lord,

His high commands with rev'rence hear,

And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories rise !

How bright thine armies shine !

Where is the power with thee that vies,

Or truth compar'd with thine ?

3 The northern pole, and southern, rest

On thy supporting hand ;

Darkness and day from east to west

Move round at thy command.

4 Thy word the raging winds controul,

And rule the boist'rous deep ;

Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,

The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,

And the dark world of hell ;

They saw thine arm in veng'ance shine

When Egypt durst rebel.

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,

Yet won'drous is thy grace !

While truth and mercy join'd in one,

Invite us near thy face.

PSALM 89. Ver. 15, &c. Third Part. C. M.
A Blessed Gospel.

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound !
Peace shall attend the path they go
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Thro' their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope
And fills their foes with shame.
- 3 The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Isra'l, thy king, for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM 89. Ver. 19, &c. Fourth Part. Com. M.
Christ's mediatorial Kingdom ; or, His divine and
human Nature.

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercies known :
“ Sinners, behold, your help is laid
“ On my almighty Son.”
- 2 Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race :
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
With full supplies of grace.
- 3 High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better King ;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

4 My truth shall guard him in his way
 With mercy by his side ;
 While in thy name o'er earth and sea
 He shall in triumph ride.

5 Me for his Father and his God,
 He shall for ever own,
 Call me his rock, his high abode,
 And I'll support my Son.

6 My first-born Son array'd in grace,
 At my right hand shall sit,
 Beneath him angels know their place,
 And monarchs at his feet.

7 My cov'nant stands forever fast,
 My promises are strong ;
 Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,
 His seed endure as long.

PSALM 89. Ver. 30, &c. Fifth Part. Com. Metre.
 The Covenant of Grace unchangeable ; or, Afflic-
 tion without Rejection.

1 YET (saith the Lord) if David's race,
 The children of my Son,
 Should break my laws, abuse my grace
 And tempt mine anger down ;

2 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
 And make their folly smart ;
 But I'll not cease to be their God,
 Nor from my truth depart.

3 My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
 But keep my grace in mind ;

And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.

4 Once have I sworn, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race.

5 The sun shall see his offspring rise
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies
To give the nations day.

6 Sure as the moon that rules the night
His kingdom shall endure,
Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observ'd no more.

PSALM 89. Ver. 5, 47, &c. Sixth Part. L. M.
Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short our date !
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death.

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and strength repine and cry,
" Must death for ever rage and reign ?
" Or hast thou made mankind in vain ?

3 Where is thy promise to the just ?
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust ?
But faith forbid those mournful sights,
And see the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day
 Wipes the reproach of saints away,
 And clears the honour of thy word :
 Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

P S A L M 89. Verse 47, &c. Last Part.
 As the 113th Psalm.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
 How few his hours, how short his span !
 Short from the cradle to the grave ;
 Who can secure his vital breath
 Against the bold demands of death
 With skill to fly, or pow'r to save ?

2 Lord, shall it be forever said,
 " The race of man was only made
 " For sickness, sorrow, and the dust ?"
 Are not thy servants day by day
 Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay ?
 Lord, where's thy kindness to the just ?

3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
 And all his seed, a heav'nly crown ?
 But flesh and sense indulge despair ;
 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 That faith can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 Who gives his saints a long reward,
 For all their toil, reproach and pain ;
 Let all below, and all above,
 Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
 And each repeat their loud AMEN.

P S A L M 90. Long Metre;

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

1 THRO' ev'ry age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode :
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made ;
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long had'st thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man ;
And long thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity :
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
" Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account ;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending light.

P A U S E.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream :
An empty tale ; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

6 [Our age to seventy years is set ;
How short the time how frail the state !
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.

7 But Oh ! how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our ex^{ec}ted years !
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread !
We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man ;
And kindly lengthen out the span,
'Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

P S A L M 90. Ver. 1—5 First Part. C. M.
Man frail, and God eternal.

1 O UR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And my defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to du~~rk~~,
" Return, ye sons of men ;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn'd to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

7 Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand
Pleas'd with the morning light ;
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM 90. Ver. 8, 11, 2, 10, 12. Second
Part. C. M.

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin ; or,
Life, Old Age, and Preparations for Death.

1 **L**ORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust ;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life, like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song ;

By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten ;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]

6 Almighty God reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone :
Oh ! let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
To improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM 90. Ver. 13, &c. Third Part. C. M.

Breathing after Heaven.

8 **R**ETURN, O God of love, return ;
Earth is a tiresome place :
How long shall we thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face ?

9 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3. Thy wonders to thy servants show,
 Make thy own work complete ;
 'Then shall our souls thy glory know,
 And own thy love was great.

4. Then shall we shine before thy throne
 In all thy beauty Lord :
 And the poor service we have done
 Meet a divine reward.

PSALM 90. Ver. 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.
 The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

1. **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
 Is this our mortal frame !
 Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
 That scarce deserves the name !

2. Alas, the brittle clay
 That built our body first !
 And ev'ry month and ev'ry day
 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3. Our moments fly apace,
 Our feeble pow'rs decay,
 Swift as a flood our hasty days
 Are sweeping us away.

4. Yet, if our days must fly
 We'll keep their end in sight,
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
 And let them speed their flight.

5. They'll wast us sooner o'er
 This life's tempestuous sea ;
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
 Of blest eternity,

PSALM 91. Ver. 1—7. First Part. Long Metre.

Safety in Public Diseases and Danger.

1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a moist secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, “ My God, thy pow’r
“ Shall be my fortress and my tow’r ;
“ I that am form’d of feeble dust,
“ Make thine almighty arm my trust.”

3 Thrice happy man ! thy Maker’s care
Shall keep thee from the fowler’s snare ;
From Satan’s wiles, who still betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood,
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
The Lord his faithful saints shall guard,
And endless life be their reward.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire ;
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful shade.

6 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Isra’l is safe : the poison’d air
Grows pure, if Isra’l’s God be there.

P A U S E.

7 What tho’ a thousand at thy side,
A round thy path ten thousand dy’d,

Thy God his chosen people saves,
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Past all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set them free
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM 91. Ver. 9, 16. Sec. Part. Com. Metre.
Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory,
and Deliverance.

1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,
Come make the Lord, your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
Twill raise the saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways ;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hand shall bear you lest you fall
 And dash against the stones ;
 Are they not servants at his call,
 And sent t' attend his sons ?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread ;
 The tempter's wiles defeat :
 He that hath bruis'd the serpent's head
 Puts him beneath your feet.

6 " Because on me they set their love,
 " I'll save them, saith the Lord ;
 " I'll bear their joyful souls above,
 " Destruction and the sword.

7 " My grace shall answer when they call,
 " In trouble I'll be nigh ;
 " My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
 " And raise them when they die.

8 " Those that on earth my name have known,
 " I'll honour them in heav'n ;
 " There my salvation shall be shown,
 " And endless life be given."

P S A L M 92. First Part. Long Metre.
 A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name give thanks and sing,
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal care shall seize my breast,
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word,
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see and hear and know,
All I desir'd, or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92. Ver. 12, &c. Sec. Part. L. Metre.

The Church is the Garden of God.

1 **L** ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand ;
Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above ;
Nor Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
 (Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
 Time, that doth all things else impair,
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age they show,
 The Lord is holy just and true ;
 None that attend his gates shall find
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. First Metre. As the 100th Psalm.
 The Eternal and the Sovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns ; he dwells in light,
 Girded with majesty and might :
 The world created by his hands
 Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
 Or had its first foundation laid,
 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
 And aim their rage against the skies ;
 Vain floods that aim their rage so high !
 At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure ;
 Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
 And everlasting holiness
 Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM 93. Second Metre. As the old 100th Psalm.
 1 HE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high ;
 His robes of state are strength and majesty ;

This wise creation rose at his command,
 Built by his word and 'stablish'd by his hand,
 Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
 And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2. God is th' eternal King ; thy foes in vain
 Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign ;
 In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
 And roar, and toss their waves against the skies ;
 Foaming at heav'n they rage with wild commo-
 tion ;
 But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3. Ye tempests rage no more ; ye floods be still ;
 And the mad world submissive to his will :
 Built on his truth his church must ever stand
 Firm are his promises, and strong his hand :
 See his own sons, when they appear before him,
 Bow at his footstool and with fear adore him.

PSALM 93. Third Metre. As the old 122d Psalm.

1. THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crown'd ;
 Array'd in robes of light,
 Begirt with sov'reign might,
 And rays of majesty around.

2. Upheld by thy commands
 The world securely stands,
 And skies and stars obey thy word ;
 Thy throne was fixt on high
 Ere stars adorn'd the sky :
 Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy croud,
 Like billows fierce and loud,
 Against thine empire rage and roar ;
 In vain with angry spite
 The surly nations fight,
 And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
 And all their pow'r engage,
 Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down ;
 Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new,
 There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove ;
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

[Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the Tune.

PSALM 94. Ver. 1, 2, 7, 14. First Part. C. M.
 Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed ; or, In-
 struclive Afflictions.

1 O COD ! to whom revenge belongs,
 Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;
 Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,
 Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears ;"
 When will the vain be wise ?
 Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears ?
 Or blind, who made their eyes ?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his pow'r :
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.

4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod ;
Thy providence, thy sacred book
Shall make them know their God,

5 Blest is the man thy han's chasife,
And to his duty raw ;
Thy scourges make thy children wise
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break ;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM 94. Ver. 16, 23. Second Part. C. M.
God our Support and Comfort ; or, Deliverance
from Temptation and Persecution.

1 WHO will arise and plead my right,
Against my num'rous foes ?
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose.

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

3 Alas ! my sliding feet ! I cry'd,
Thy promise bore me up ;

Thy grace stood constant by my side,
And rais'd my sinking hope.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,

Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws:

But God my refuge rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;

The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

P S A L M 95. Common Metre.

A Psalm before Prayer.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those Gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his gracious hand ;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face ;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace !

6 Now is the time he bends his ear,
And waits for your request ;
Come, lest he rouze his wrath and swear,
" Ye shall not see my rest."

P S A L M 95. Short Metre.
A Psalm before Sermon.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his works and not our own :
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace,
 And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race :

6 The Lord in veng'ance drest
 Will lift his hand, and swear,
 " You that despise my promis'd rest,
 " Shall have no portion there."

PSALM 95. Ver. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. Long Metre.
 Canaan lost through Unbelief; or, a Warning to
 delaying Sinners.

1 COME let our voices join to raise
 A sacred song of solemn praise :
 God is a sov'reign King ; rehearse
 His honour in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
 Who fram'd our natures with his word ;
 He is our Shepherd ; we the sheep
 His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
 The counsels of his love obey,
 Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
 The sins and plagues that Isra'l knew.

4 Isra'l that saw his works of grace
 Yet tempt their Maker to his face ;
 A faithless unbelieving brood,
 That tir'd the patience of their God.

5 Thus saith the Lord, " How false they prove !
 " Forget my pow'r, abuse my love ;

“ Since they despis'd my rest, I swear,
“ Their feet shall never enter there.”

6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread;
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessings by delay.

7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Sion's heav'nly gates;
Believe and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

PSALM 96. Ver. 2, 10, &c. Common Metre.

Christ's first and second Coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 The joyous earth, the bending skies
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
 The nations as their God ;
 To show the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.

6 His voice shall raise the slumb'ring dead,
 And bid the world draw near ;
 But how will guilty nations dread,
 To see their judge appear !

P S A L M 97. As the 113th Psalm.
 The God of the Gentiles.

1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise,
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name :
 His glory let the heathens know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
 The wond'ring nations read thy word ;
 But here Jehovah's name is known :
 Nor shall our worship e'er be paid,
 To gods which mortal hands have made ;
 Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in glory there :
 His beams are majesty and light :
 His beauties how divinely bright !
 His temple how divinely fair !

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,

And barb'rous nations fear his name :
 Then shall the race of men confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM 97. Ver. 1—5. First Part Long Metre.
 Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment

1 **H**E reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns !

H Praise him in evangelic strains :
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
 And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown ;
 But grace and truth support his throne :
 Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround :
 Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes,
 Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs ;
 Before him burns devouring fire,
 The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies with sore dismay,
 Fly from the fight and shun the day ;
 Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
 And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM, 97. Ver. 6—9. Second Part Long Met.
 Christ's Incarnation.

1 **T**HE Lord is come ; the heav'ns proclaim
 His birth the nations learn his name ;
 An unknown star directs the road
 Of eastern sages to their God.

3 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.

4 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound :
But Sion shall his glories sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign king.

P S A L M 97. Third Part. Long Metre.
Grace and glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet.
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame ;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest blest our eyes.

4 Rejoice ye righteous and record
The sacred honours of the Lord ;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

P S A L M 97. Ver. 3, 5—7, 11. C. M.
Christ's Incarnation and the last Judgment.

1 LET earth, with ev'ry isle and sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns :

His word like fire prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise ;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3. The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim,
The idol-gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known ;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire :
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

P S A L M 98. First Part. Common Metre

Praise for the Gospel.

1 **T**O our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd ;
His great salvation shines abroad ;
And makes the nations blest.

2 To Abrah'm first he spoke the word,
And taught his nuin'rous race ;
The Gentiles own him sov'reign Lord,
And learn to trust his grace.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honour of his name
In melody and songs.

P S A L M 98. Second Part. Common Metre.
The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground :
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

P S A L M 99. First Part. Short. Metre.
Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

1 THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear ;

Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns ;
Let earth adore its Lord ;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Sion stands his throne,
His honours are divine ;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name !
How terrible his praise !
Justice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

P S A L M 99. Second Part. Short Metre.
A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,
E, And worship at his feet ;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Isra'l was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race ;
And oft he made his veng'ance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same ;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM 100. First Metre. A plain Translation.
Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King ;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath, and being give :
We are his work, and not our own ;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

5 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

P S A L M 100. Second Metre. A Paraphrase.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and he destroy.

3 His sov'reign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;

And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'n our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

P S A L M 101. Long Metre.

The Magistrate's Psalm.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song,
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword ;
I'll take my counsel from thy word ;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside :
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander, rage and strife
Shall be companions of my life :
The haughty look, the heart of pride
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 [I'll search the land and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth and trust :
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies ;
Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spar'd.

7 The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land ;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r, shall be supprest.

P S A L M 101. Common Metre,
A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

1 O F justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows ;
Thy grace and justice heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule thy house.

2 Now to my tent, O God repair,
And make thy servant wise ;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the fland'rous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy ;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in fly deceit
I'll not endure a night ;
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee ;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM 102. Ver. 1—13, 20, 21. First Part
Common Metre.

A Prayer for the Afflicted.

1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die :
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry ?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air ;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag like with'ring grafts,
Burnt with excessive heat :
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,

Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl ;
Where the sad raven finds her place,
And where the screaming owl.

6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast ;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast :
My daily bread like ashes grows,
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown :
Lord 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear ;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are,
That vanish into night.

10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God ;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,

And by mysterious ways,

Redeems the pris'ners, doom'd to die,

And fills their tongues with praise.

P S A L M 102. Ver. 13—21. Sec. Part. C. M.

Prayer heard, and Sion restored.

1 LET Sion, and her sons rejoice ;

Behold the promis'd hour ;

Her God hath heard her mourning voice,

And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain,

Are precious in our eyes ;

Those ruins shall be built again,

And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,

And stand in glory there ;

Nations shall bow before his name,

And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,

With pity in his eyes ;

He hears the dying prisoners groan,

And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,

And when his saints complain,

It shan't be said, " that praying breath,

" Was ever spent in vain."

6 This shall be known when we are dead,

And left on long record ;

That ages yet unborn may read,

And trust and praise the Lord.

PSALM 102. Ver. 23—28. Third Part. L. M.
Man's Mortality, and Christ's Eternity ; or Saints
die, but Christ and the Church live.

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand,
Weakens our strength amidst the race ;
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon ?

3 Yet in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrow shall assuage,
“ Our Father and our Saviour live ;
“ Christ is the same thro' ev'ry age.”

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid ;
Heav'n is the building of his hand ;
This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade ;
And all be chang'd at his command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside :
But still thy throne stands firm and high ;
Thy church for ever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign ;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM 103. Ver. 1—7. First Part. Long Met.
Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,

Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine !

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace !
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his son
To die for crimes, which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels ;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd, his power repairs ;
His mercy crowns our growing years :
He fills our store with ev'ry good,
And feeds our souls with heav'nly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and the opprest,
And often gives the suff'rers rest ;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 [His power he show'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Isra'el his commands ;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.]

8 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

PSALM 103. Second Part. Long Metre.
 God's gentle Chastisement ; or, His tender Mercy
 to his People.

1 THE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways ?
 How firm his truth ! how large his grace !
 He takes his mercy for his throne,
 And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
 The starry heav'ns above our head,
 As his rich love exceeds our praise,
 Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
 'The rising morning from the west,
 As his forgiving grace removes
 'The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slow his awful wrath to rise !
 On swifter wings salvation flies ;
 And if he lets his anger burn,
 How soon his frowns to pity turn !

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines ;
 His strokes are lighter than our sins ;
 And while his rod corrects his saints,
 His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
 With gentle hands and melting eyes :
 The children weep beneath the smart,
 And move the pity of their heart.

P A U S E.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
 Knows that our frame is feeble dust ;

And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies ;
Like grass we spring and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure :
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM 103. Ver. 1—7. First Part. Short Metre.
Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

1 O H bless the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord my soul !
Nor let his mercies lie,
Forgotten in unthankfulness ;
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave ;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good ;
 He gives the suff'rs rest ;
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for th' opprest.

6 His wond'rous works and ways
 He made by Moses known ;
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

PSALM 103. Ver. 8—18. Second Part. Short M.
 Abounding Compassion of God ; or, Mercy in the
 Midst of Judgment.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great,
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide ;
 And when his strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins,
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
 To those that fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel ;
 He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath ;
His anger like a rising wind
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grafts,
Or like the morning flower !
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 103. Ver. 19, 22. Third Part. Short Met.
God's universal Dominion ; or, Angels praise the
Lord.

1 THE Lord the sov'reign King,
Hath fixed his throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wond'rous works,
Thro' his vast kingdom, show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shall sing his graces too.

P S A L M 104.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise ;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

Note, This Psalm may be sung to the Tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, by adding these two Lines to every Stanza, (viz.)

Great is the Lord ! what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name ?

[Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th Psalm.

2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread ;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed :
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires ;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his veng'ance or his love.

4 The world's foundation by his hand
Is pois'd, and shall forever stand :
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round ;

Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheers the vallies as they go ;
There gentle herds their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink ;
Their song, the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

P A U S E First.

9 God from his cloudy cistern pours
On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs :
The grove, the garden and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies ;
With herbs for man of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

11 What noble fruit the vines produce !
The olive yields a pleasing juice ;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
His gifts proclaim his love divine.

12 His bounteous hands our table spread,
He fills our cheerful stores with bread ;
While food our vital strength imparts,
Let daily praise inspire our hearts.

13 Behold the stately cedar stands
Rais'd in the forest by his hands ;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

14 To craggy hills, ascends the goat ;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feeble creatures make their cell ;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15 He sets the sun his circling race ;
Appoints the moon to change her face ;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God ;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beasts to covert flies.

17 Then man to daily labour goes ;
The night was made for his repose :
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

18 How strange thy works ! How great thy skill !
While ev'ry land thy riches fill :
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.

19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wond'rous motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

o There ships divide their wat'ry way,
 And flocks of scaly monsters play ;
 The huge leviathan resides,
 And fearless sports amid the tides.

P A U S E Third.

21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
 All nature rests upon thy word,
 And the whole race of creatures stands,
 Waiting their portion from thy hands.

22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
 Their cheerful looks pronounce it good :
 Eagles and bears, and whales, and worms
 Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.

23 But when thy face is hid they mourn,
 And dying to their dust return ;
 Both man and beast their souls resign :
 Life, breath and spirit, all are thine.

24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
 And fill the world with beasts and men ;
 A word of thy creating breath
 Repairs the wastes of time and death.

25 His works, the wonders of his might,
 Are honour'd with his own delight :
 How awful are his glorious ways !
 The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
 And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;
 Yet humble souls may see thy face,
 And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

7 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
 And make my meditations sweet ;
 Thy praises shall my breath employ
 Till it expire in endless joy.

8 While haughty sinners die accurst,
 Their glory bury'd with their dust,
 I to my God, my heav'nly King
 Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM 105. Abridged. Common Metre.
 God's Conduct to Israel, and the Plagues of Egypt.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
 And tell the world his grace ;
 Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
 That all may seek his face.

2 His cov'nant which he kept in mind
 For num'rous ages past,
 To num'rous ages yet behind
 In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abr'am and his seed,
 And made the blessings sure,
 Gentiles the ancient promise read,
 And find his truth endure.

4 " Thy seed shall make all nations blest,
 " (Said the Almighty voice)
 " And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
 " The type of heav'nly joys.

5 [How large the grant ! how rich the grace !
 To give them Canaan's land,
 When they were strangers in the place,
 A small and feeble band !

6 Like pilgrims through the countries round,
Securely they remov'd ;
And haughty kings, that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

7 " Touch mine anointed, and my mine arm,
" Shall soon avenge the wrong !
" The man that does my prophets harm,
" Shall know their God is strong."

Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear :
Israel must live through ev'ry age,
And be th² Almighty's care.

P A U S E First.

8 When Pharoah dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

9 He call'd for darkness : darkness came,
Like an o'erwhelming flood ;
He turn'd each lake and ev'ry stream,
To lakes and streams of blood.

1 He gave the sign, and noisome flies,
Thro' the whole country spread ;
And frogs in baleful armies rise
About the monarch's bed.

2 Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold veng'ance flew ;
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.

13 Then by an angel's mid-night stroke
 The flow'r of Egypt dy'd ;
 The strength of ev'ry house he broke,
 Their glory and their pride.

14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear ;
 Isra'l must live thro' ev'ry age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.

P A U S E Second.

5 Thus were the tribes from bondage free'd,
 And left the hated ground ;
 Rich with Egyptian spoils they fled,
 Nor was one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
 And mark'd their journey's right,
 Gave them a leading cloud by day,
 A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst ; and waters from the rock,
 In rich abundance flow,
 And following still the course they took,
 Ran all the desert through.

18 O wond'rous stream ! O blessed type
 Of ever-flowing grace !
 So Christ our rock maintains our life
 And aids our wand'ring race.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
 The chosen tribes possest
 Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
 And there enjoy'd their rest.

20 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear ;
Isra'1 must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM 106. Ver. 1—5. First Part. Long Metre.
Praise to God ; or, Communication with Saints.

1 **T**O God, the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be address'd ;
His mercy firm forever stands ;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed ;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice !
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints and near to thee.

PSALM 106. Part. II. Ver. 7, 8, 12, 14, 43—48.
Short Metre.

Israel punished and pardoned ; or, God's unchangeable Love.

1 **G**OD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways !
And yet how oft did Isra'1 prove
Thy constancy of grace !

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
 And then thy praise they sung ;
 But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,
 And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
 While rocks with rivers flow :
 Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
 And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
 He hearken'd to their groans ;
 Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts ;
 And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,
 He sav'd them from their foes ;
 Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
 The people that he chose.

6 Let Isra'l bless the Lord,
 Who love their ancient race ;
 And Christians join the solemn word,
 Ameb to all the praise.

P S A L M 107. First Part. Long Metre.
 Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

1 G IVE thanks to God, he reigns above,
 Kind are his thoughts, his name is love :
 His mercy ages past have known,
 And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
 The wonders of his grace record ;
 Isra'l, the nation whom he chose,
 And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They traç'd the desert, wand'ring round :
A wild and solitary ground !]

4 There they could find no leading road ;
Nor city for their fix'd abode ;
Nor food nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

5 In their distress to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their guide ;
He led their wand'ring march around
And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground.

6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a pow'ful hand
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord !
How great his works ! how kind his ways !
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107. Second Part. Long Metre.
Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

1 FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same :
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
 Against the God that rules the skies ;
 If they reject his heav'nly word,
 And slight the counsels of the Lord :

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
 And no deliv'rance shall be found ;
 Laden with grief they waste their breath
 In darkness and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
 He makes the dawning light arise,
 And scatters all that dismal shade
 That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
 And lets the smiling pris'ners thro' ;
 'Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
 And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

6 O may the sons of men record
 The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !
 How great his works ! how kind his ways !
 Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

P S A L M 107. Third Part. Long Metre.
 Intemperance punished and pardoned ; or, a Psalm
 for the Glutton and the Drunkard.

1 **V**AIN man on foolish pleasures bent,
 Prepares for his own punishment :
 What pains, what loathsome maladies
 From luxury and lust arise !

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste ;
 Yet drowns his health to please his taste ;

"Till all his active pow'rs are lost,
And fainting life draws near to dust.

3 The glutton groans, and loaths to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat ;
Nature with heavy loads opprest
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frighten'd sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry !
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cines could effect the cure,
So quick, so easy, or so sure :
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sov'reign word, and heals.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !
And let their thankful off'ring prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

P S A L M 107. Fourth Part. Long Metre.
Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck ; or, The
Seaman's Song.

1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
With the bold mariner survey
The unknown regions of the sea.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind !
'Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 Now to the heav'ns they mount a main,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again ;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel !

4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope to God they cry :
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage ;
The gladsome train their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

P S A L M 107. Fifth Part. Common Metre.
The Mariner's Psalm.

1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rule the boist'rous sea,
The sons of courage shail record,
Who tempt that dang'rous way.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves !
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
And lunge in deeps again ;
Each like a tort'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath ;
And hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries ;
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storms allay'd :
Now to their eyes the port appears ;
There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land ;
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord !
And those that see thy wond'rous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

P S A L M 107. Last Part. Long Metre.

Colonies planted ; or Nations blest and punished.

1 WHEN God provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,

Send show'ry blessings from the skies ;
And harvests in the deserts rise.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' opprest and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruits supplies their want,
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are blest : but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in,
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn ;
The country lies unfenc'd untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns :
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

8 The righteous with a joyful sense
Admire the works of Providence ;
And tongues of atheists shall no more,
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

9 How few with pious care record
These won'drous dealings of the Lord !
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

PSALM 108. Common Metre
A Song of Praise.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
Awake my harp to sing ;
Join all my pow'rs the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And thro' the nations round ;
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train ;
Diffuse thy heav'nly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy reign.

4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above ;
While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

PSALM 109. Ver. 1—5, 31. Common Metre

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ

1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song ;
Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found ;
With cruel slanders false and vain
They compass'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compassion moves,
 Their peace he still pursu'd ;
 They render hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
 Yet with his dying breath
 He pray'd for murd'lers on his cross,
 And blest his foes in death.

5 Lord shall thy bright example shine
 In vain before my eyes ;
 Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
 To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
 And in my Saviour's name
 I shall defeat their pride and rage,
 Who slander and condemn.

PSALM 110. First Part. Long Metre.

Christ exalted and Multitudes converted ; or, The Success of the Gospel.

1 **T**HUS God th' eternal father spake
 To Christ the Son, " Ascend and sit
 " At my right hand 'till I shall make
 " Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 " From Sion shall thy word proceed,
 " Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 " Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 " And bow their wills to thy command.

3 " That day shall show thy pow'r is great,
 " When saints shall flock with willing minds,

“ And sinners croud thy temple gate ;
 “ Where holiness in beauty shines.”

“ O blessed Pow’r ! O glorious day !
 “ What a large vict’ry shall ensue ;
 “ And converts, who thy grace obey,
 “ Exceed the drop of morning dew.”

S A L M 110. Second Part. Long Metre.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

THUS the great Lord of earth and sea
 Spake to his Son, and thus he sware ;
 “ Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 “ And change from hand to hand no more.

“ Aaron, and all his sons must die :
 “ But everlasting life is thine,
 “ To save forever those that fly
 “ For refuge from the wrath divine.

“ By me Melchisedec was made
 “ On earth a king and priest at once ;
 “ And thou, my heav’ly Priest shalt plead,
 “ And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons.

Jesus the Priest ascends his throne,
 While councils of eternal peace,
 Between the Father and the Son,
 Proceed with honour and success.

Thro’ the whole earth his reign shall spread,
 And crush the pow’rs that dare rebel :
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,
 And send the guilty world to hell.

6 Tho' while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of threats and blood,
The suff'rings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

P S A L M 110. Common Metre.
Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord ascend thy throne
And near thy Father sit ;
In Sion shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do !
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore ;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"When Aaron is no more.

4 " Melchisedec, that wond'rous priest,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man who Abra'm blest
"Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above ;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain ;
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

P S A L M III. First Part. Common Metre.

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God ;
He has my heart and he my tongue
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought !
How glorious in our sight !

And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How fair and beauteous nature's frame !
How wise the eternal mind !

His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure :

The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'ly skill proclaim ;

What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name ?

6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill !

And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

PSALM III. Second Part. Common Metre.

The Perfections of God.

1 G REAT is the Lord ; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs ;

Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food ;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure :
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin ;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

P S A L M 112. As the 113th Psalm.

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God and loves his sacred law :
His seed on earth shall be renown'd ;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends ;
A gen'rous pity fills his mind ;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, whiie they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd ;

The sweet remembrance of the just
Like a green root revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
His conscience holds his courage up :
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night :
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

P A U S E.

5 [Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fix'd on God relies ;
Though waves and tempests roar around ;
Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations cross'd :
They and their envy, pride and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.]

P S A L M 112. Long Metro.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

1 **T**HRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word :
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd :
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.

4 His spirit fix'd upon the Lord
Draws heav'nly courage from his word ;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God ;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners rage in vain.

P S A L M 112. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need ;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well establish'd mind ;
His soul to God, his refuge flies,
And leav'es his fears behind.

4 In times of danger and distress
 Some beams of light shall shine,
 To show the world his righteousness,
 And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
 Remain before the Lord ;
 Honour on earth and joys above
 Shall be his sure reward.

P S A L M 113. Proper Tune.
 The Majesty and Condescension of God.

1 **V** E that delight to serve the Lord,
 The honours of his name record,
 His sacred name forever bless :
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

2 Not time nor nature's narrow rounds,
 Can give his vast dominion bounds :
 The heav'ns are far beneath his height ;
 Let no created greatness dare
 With our eternal God compare,
 Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright hosts of angels do,
 And bends his care to mortal things :
 His fov'reign hand exalts the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And seats them on the throne of Kings.

4 When childless families despair,
 He sends the blessings of an heir,

To rescue their expiring name ;
 The mother with a thankful voice
 Proclaims his praises and her joys ;
 Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

P S A L M 113. Long Metre.

God sovereign and gracious.

1 **V**E servants of th' almighty King,

In ev'ry age his praises sing ;
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
 The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 His throne of Glory stands on high ;
 Nor time, nor place, his pow'r restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
 Or angels with their God compare ?
 His glories how divinely bright,
 Who dwells in uncreated light !

4 Behold his love ; he stoops to view
 What saints above and angels do ;
 And condescends yet more, to know
 The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure
 His grace exalts the humble poor !
 Gives them the honour of his sons,
 And sits them for their heav'ly thrones.

6 [A word of his creating voice
 Can make the barren house rejoice :
 Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
 The promis'd seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done ;
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs ;
If nature fails, the promise bears.

P S A L M 114. Long Metre.

Miracles attending Isra'ls Journey.

1 WHEN Isra'l freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own,
Their king and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay ;
The deep divides to make them way ;
Jourdan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head,

3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep.
Like lambs the little hillocks leap !
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign power at hand,

4 What pow'r could make the deep divide ?
Make Jourdan backward roll his tide ?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
And whence the dread that Sinai feels ?

5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood
Retire and know the approaching God,
The King of Isreal : see him here ;
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns ;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

P S A L M 115. First Metre.

The true God our Refuge ; or Idolatry reproved.

1 **N**OT to ourselves who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.

2 Display to earth thy dreadful name ;
Why should a heathen's naughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame,
Say, " Where's the God you've serv'd so long ? "

3 The God we serve maintains his throne,
Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood :
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint or golden god.

5 [With eyes and ears, they carve the head ;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind ;
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray ;
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.

7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help thy refuge, and thy rest !
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

The dead no more can speak thy praise,
 They dwell in silence in the grave ;
 But we shall live to sing thy grace,
 And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

PSALM 115. Second Metre. As the new Tune of
 the 50th Psalm. Idolatry reproved.

- 1 **N**OT to our names, thou only just and true,
 Not to our worthless names is glory due :
 Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim
 Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name ;
 Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy blest abode ;
 Nor let the heathens say ; “ Where is your God ? ”
- 2 Heav'n is thine higher court : there stands thy
 throne,
 And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done :
 God fram'd this earth, the starry heav'ns he spread,
 But fools adore the gods their hands have made ;
 The kneeling crowd, with looks devout behold
 Their silver-saviours, and their saints of gold.
- 3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears :
 The molten image neither sees nor hears :
 Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
 They have no speech, nor thought, nor power nor
 love ;
 Yet softish mortals make their long complaint,
 To their deaf idols, and their lifeless saints.
- 4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold,
 The poor content with gods of coarser mould,
 With tools of iron carve the senseless flock,
 Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock.

People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]

5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd ! 'Tis hard to say
Which are most stupid, or their gods, or they:
O Israel, trust the Lord : he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows and restores thy peace :
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thine heav'nly shield.

6 In God we trust ; our impious foes in vain,
Attempt our ruin and oppose his reign ;
Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise :
But we are sav'd and live ; let songs arise,
And Sion bless the God that built the skies.

P S A L M. 116. First Part. Common Metre.

Recovery from Sickness.

1 I Love the Lord : he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan,
Long as I live when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I lov'd the Lord : he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away :
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray !

3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplex my wakeful head.

4 " My God, I cry'd, thy servant save,
 " Thou ever good and just ;
 " Thy power can rescue from the grave,
 " Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
 He bade my pains remove :
 Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
 And dry'd my falling tears :
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

PSALM 116. Ver. 12, &c. Sec. Part. Com. Met.
 Thanks for private Deliverances.

1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown ?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
 My off'rings shall be paid ;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows,
 My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever blessed God !
 How dear thy servants in thy sight ?
 How precious is their blood ?

4 How happy all thy servants are !
 How great thy grace to me !
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move :
 Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record ;
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me know,
 If I forsake the Lord.

P S A L M 117. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 O All ye nations praise the Lord,
 Each with a diff'rent tongue :
 In ev'ry language learn his word,
 And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land :
 Proclaim his grace abroad ;
 For ever firm his truth shall stand ;
 Praise ye the faithful God.

P S A L M 117. Long Metre.

1 F ROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise :
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

2 ETERNAL are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M 117. Short Metre.

1 **T**HY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' distant lands :
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word :
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM 118. First Part. Ver. 6, 15. Com. Metre.
Deliverance from a Tumult.

1 **T**HE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heav'n affords me aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice ;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice !

4 Like angry bees they girt me round ;
When God appears they fly :
So burning thorns with crack'ling sound
Make a fierce blaze, and die.

5 Joy to the saints and peace belongs ;
The Lord protects their days ;
Let Isra'l tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM 118. Sec. Part. Ver. 17, 21. Com. Metre:
Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.

1 **L**ORD thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave ;
Now shall he live : (and none can die,
If God resolve to save.)

2 Thy praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath ;
Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Sion now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go ;
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise ;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM 118. Part III. Ver. 22, 23. Com. Metre:
Christ the Foundation of the Church.

1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation Stone
Which God in Sion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;

Firm on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise :
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

SALM 118. Part IV. Ver. 24, 26. Com. Metœ.
Hosannah ; the Lord's Day ; or, Christ's Resur-
rection, and our salvation.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To day he rose and left the dead ;
And satan's empire fell ;
To day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosannah to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son,
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

Blest be the Lord who comes to man
With Messages of grace :
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosannah in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M 118. Ver. 22—27. Short Metre.

An Hosannah for the Lord's Day ; or, A new
Song of Salvation by Christ.

1 SEE what a living Stone
The builders did refuse :
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son ;
Yet on this rock shall Sion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes :
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosannah to the King
Of David's royal blood :
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

P S A L M 118. Ver. 22—27. Long Metre.
 An Hosannah for the Lord's Day ; or, A new
 Song of Salvation by Christ.

1 **L**O ! what a glorious Corner-stone
 The Jewish builders did refuse :
 But God hath built his church thereon,
 In spite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God, thy work is all divine,
 The joy and wonder of our eyes ;
 This is the day that proves it thine,
 The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad ;
 Hosannah, let his name be bless'd ;
 A thousand honours on his head,
 With peace, and light, and glory rest.

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
 Salvation to our dying race ;
 Let the whole church address their King
 With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

[I have collected and disposed of the most useful
 Verses of the 119th Psalm, under eighteen different
 Heads, and formed a Divine Song upon each of
 them. But the Verses are much transposed, to attain
 some Degree of Connexion.

In some places, among the Words Law, Com-
 mands, Judgments, Testimonies, I have used Gof-
 get, Word, Grace, Truth, Promises, &c. as more
 agreeable to the New-Testament, and the common
 language of Christians, and it equally answers the
 Design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the
 Holy Scriptures.]

P S A L M 119. First Part. Common Metre.
The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean ;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practice thy commands ;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Verse 165.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;
How firm their souls abide ;
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Verse 6.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Verse 21, 118.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst ;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

Verse 119, 155.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are ;
And those that leave thy ways,
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

P S A L M 119. Second Part.

Secret Devotion and Spiritual Mindedness; or
Constant Converse with God.

Verse 147, 55.

1 **T**O thee, before the dawning light,
 My gracious God I pray ;
I meditate thy name by night,
 And keep thy law by day.

Verse 81.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
 Thy promise bears me up ;
And while salvation long delays,
 Thy word supports my hope.

Verse 164.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
 And pay my thanks to thee,
Thy righteous providence demands
 Repeated praise from me.

Verse 62.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
 I call thy works to mind ;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
 And sweet acceptance find.

P S A L M 119. Third Part.

Professions of Sincerity, Repentance and Obedience.

Verse 57, 60.

1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God ;
 Soon as I know thy way
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
 And suffers no delay.

Verse 30, 14.

2 I choose the path of heav'ly truth,
 And glory in my choice ;
 Not all the riches of the earth
 Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
 I set before mine eyes ;
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.

Verse 59.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
 I think upon my ways,
 Then turn my feet to thy commands,
 And trust thy pard'ning grace.

Verse 94, 114.

5 Now am I thine, forever thine,
 O save thy servant, Lord !
 Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
 My hope is in thy word.

Verse 112.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
 Thy statutes to fulfil ;
 And thus till mortal life shall end
 Would I perform thy will.

P S A L M 119. Fourth Part.

Instruction from Scripture.

H OW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin ?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

Verse 130.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.

Verse 105.

3 'Tis like the sun a heav'nly light
 That guides us all the day ;
 And thro' the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

Verse 99, 100.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
 And meditate thy word,
 Grow wiser than their teachers are,
 And better know the Lord.

Verse 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise,
 I hate the sinners road ;
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
 But love thy law, my God.

Verse 89, 90, 91.

5 [The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place ;
 And these thy servants, night and day,
 Thy skill and pow'r expres.
 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine :
 Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
 Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Verse 160, 140, 9, 116.

3 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

P S A L M 119. Fifth Part.

Delight in Scripture ; or, the Word of God dwelling in us.—Verse 97.

1 O H how I love thy holy law !
'Tis daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Verse 148.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word :
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Verse 3, 13, 54.

3 Thy heav'nly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yield me a heav'nly song.

Verse 19, 103.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast ;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

Verse 72, 127.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;
Nor shall thy word be sold

For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Verse 28, 49, 175.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

P S A L M 119. Sixth Part.
Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

Verse 128.

L ORD, I esteem thy judgments rig
And all thy statutes just ;
Thence I maintain a constant sight
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

Verse 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I survey ;
I keep thy law in sight
Thro' all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

Verse 62.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
" How sweet thy comforts be ; "
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Verse 162.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

Verse 96. Paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look.
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiv'n :
Nor lead a step beyond the grave,
But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 3 I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below ;
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,
And cannot farther go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought ;
And thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ey'ry thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame ;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith, and love, and ev'ry grace
Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

P S A L M 119. Eighth Part.
 The Excellency and Variety of Scripture;
 Verse 111. Paraphrased.

1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice;
 My lasting heritage ;
 There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice ;
 My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While thro' the promises I rove,
 With ever-fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows blest ;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And out eternal rest.

P S A L M 119. Ninth Part.

Desire of Knowledge.—Verse 64, 68, 13.

1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
 How good thy works appear !
 Open my eyes to read thy word,
 And see thy wonders there,

Verse 73, 125.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hands,
 My service is thy due ;
 O make thy servant understand
 The duties he must do.

Verse 19.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
 Let not thy path be hid ;
 But mark the road my feet should go,
 And be my constant guide.

Verse 26.

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
 Thou heard'st my soul complain ;
 Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
 Or I shall stray again.

Verse 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes show,
 And heav'nly truth impart,
 His work for ever I'll pursue,
 His law shall rule my heart.

Verse 50, 71.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
 Variety of grief :
 It made me learn thy word the more,
 And fly to that relief.

Verse 51.

7 [In vain the proud deride me now ;
 I'll ne'er forget thy law,
 Nor let that blessed gospel go
 Whence all my hopes I draw.

Verse 27, 171.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
 I'll teach the world his ways ;
 My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal,
 Shall sing aloud his praise.]

P S A L M 119. Tenth Part.

Pleading the Promises.—Verse 38, 49.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord;
 Devoted to thy fear ;
 Remember and confirm thy word,
 For all my hopes are there.

Verse 41, 58, 107.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
 And promis'd quick'ning grace ?
 Doth not my heart address thy throne ?
 And yet thy love delays.

Verse 123, 42.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail ;
 O bear thy servant up :
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
 Who dare reproach my hope.

Verse 49, 74.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord ?
 Then let thy truth appear ;
 Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
 And trust as well as fear.

P S A L M 119. Eleventh Part.

Breathing after Holiness.—Verse 5, 33.

1 O H that the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still !
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will !

Verse 29.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart,

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Verse 37, 36.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes :
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Verse 133.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere :
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
And keep my conscience clear.

Verse 176.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip ;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Verse 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

P S A L M 119. Twelfth Part.
Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Verse 153.

1 **M**Y God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause ;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Verse 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear ;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Verse 122, 135.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress ;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Verse 82.

4 My eyes with expectation fail ;
My heart within me cries,
" When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
" And bid my comforts rise."

Verse 132.

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same ;
Thy tender mercies still afford
To those that love thy name.

P S A L M 119. Thirteenth Part.

Holy Fear, and Tenderness of Conscience. Verse 16
1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
O let me never stray,
From thy commands, O god of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way,

Verse 11.

2 Thy word I've plac'd within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And by an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

Verse 63, 53, 159.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord ;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Verse 161, 163.

4 while sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe ;
My soul abhors a lying tongue
But loves thy righteous law.

Verse 161, 120.

5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word ;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Verse 166, 174.

6 My God, I long I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still.
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

P S A L M 119. Fourteenth Part.

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

Verse 153, 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send ;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end !

Verse 71.

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod.

Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Verse 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins :
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Verse 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joies were fled,
My soul, opprest with sorrow's weight,
Had funk amongst the dead.

Verse 75.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Verse 67.

6 Before I know thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray ;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

P S A L M 119. Fifteenth Part.

Holy Resolution.—Verse 93.

1 O H that thy statutes ev'ry hour,
Might dwell upon my mind !
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

Verse 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Verse 32.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge,
From sin and satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large !

Verse 13, 46.

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name ;
I'll speak thy words tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Verse 61, 69, 70.

5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Verse 115.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill ;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

P S A L M 119. Sixteenth Part.

Prayer for quickening Grace.—Verse 25, 37.

7 **M** Y soul lies cleaving to the dust :
Lord, give me life divine ;
From vain desires and ev'ry lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
 To speed me in thy way,
 Lest I should loiter in my race,
 Or turn my feet astray.

Verse 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
 I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
 Thy word that I have rested on
 Shall help my heaviest hours.

Verse 156, 40.

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
 And thou a faithful God ?
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
 To run the heav'nly road ?

Verse 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
 And long to see thy face ?
 And yet how slow my spirits move
 Without enliv'ning grace.

Verse 93.

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
 And ne'er forget thy word,
 When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
 To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119. Seventeenth Part. Long Metre.
 Grace shining in Difficulties and Trials.

Verse 143, 28.

1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
 All my support is from thy word :
 My soul dissolves for heaviness ;
 Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

Verse 51, 69, 116.

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
They tempt my soul to snares and sin :
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Verse 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws !
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

P S A L M 119. Last Part.

Sanctified Afflictions ; or, Delight in the Word of
God. — Verse 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod ;
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God !

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere i had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep thy word.

Verse 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

Verse 72.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth,
Will raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or honest hills of golden ore.

Verse 73.

Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
 Thy spirit form'd my soul within ;
 Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,
 And guard me safe from death and sin.

Verse 74.

Then all that love and fear the Lord
 At my salvation shall rejoice ;
 For I have trusted in thy word,
 And made thy grace my only choice.

P. S. A. L. M. 120. Common Metre.

Complaint of quarrelsome Neighbours ; or, a devout Wish for Peace

THOU God of love, thou ever blest,
 Pity my suff'ring state ;
 When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
 From lips that love deceit ?

Hard lot of mine ! my days are cast,
 Among the sons of strife,
 Whose never ceasing quarrels waste
 My golden hours of life.

O might I fly to change my place,
 How would I choose to dwell
 In some wild lonesome wilderness,
 And leave these gates of hell !

Peace is the blessing that I seek,
 How lovely are its charms !
 I am for peace ; but when I speak,
 They all declare for arms.

5 New passions fill their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong :
What sh' ll be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue !

7 Should burning arrows smite thee thro',
Strict justice would approve ;
But I would rather spare my foë,
And melt his heart with love.

P S A L M 121. Long Metre.
Divine Protection.

1 U P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyon' i the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heav'ns, with all their host he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles adorn the day :
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Isra' l sleeps.

4 Isra' l, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star
Darts his malignant fire so far.

5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
 Still thou shalt go, and still return ;
 Safe in the Lord ! his heav'ly care
 Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.

7 On the foul spirits have no pow'r ;
 And in thy last departing hour,
 Angels that trace the airy road,
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

P S A L M 121. Common Metre.

Preservation by Day and Night.

3 TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid ;
 The Lord that built the earth and skies
 Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their stedfast feet shall never fall,
 Whom he designs to keep ;
 His ear attends the softest call ;
 His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs
 With his almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprising harm.

4 Isra'l rejoice, and rest secure,
 Thy keeper is the Lord ;
 His wakeful eyes employ his power
 For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have his leave to smite ;
 He shields thy head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come ;
 Go and return, secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home,

PSALM 121. As the 148th Psalm.
 God our Preserver.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid ;
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made ;
 God is the tow'r
 To which I fly ;
 His grace is nigh
 In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal snares,
 Since God my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears,
 Those wakeful eyes
 That never sleep,
 Shall Isra'l keep
 When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there :
 Thou art my sun,
 And thou my shade,
 To guard my head
 By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath :

I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

P S A L M 122. Common Metre.
Going to Church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
" In Zion let us all appear
" And keep the solemn day."

2 I love the gates, I love the road ;
The church adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God.
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joy unknown
The holy tribes repair ;
The son of David holds his throne
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest !

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains :
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

P S A L M 122. Proper Tune.
Going to Church.

1 **H**OW pleas'd and bless'd was I,
To hear the people cry,
Come, let us seek our God to day !
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there ;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest ;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase.
A thousand blessings on him rest !

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house !

For here my friends and kindred dwell ;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

[Repeat the 4th Stanza to complete the Tune.]

P S A L M 123. Common Metre.

Pleading with Submission.

1 O Thou whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servant's watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke !
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look :

So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God ;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove the rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies ;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

P S A L M 124. Common Metre.

God gives Victory.

1 HAD not the God of truth and love,
 When hosts against us rose,
 Display'd his veng'ance from above,
 And crush'd the conqu'ring foes ?

2 Their armies like a raging flood
 Had swept the guardless land,
 Destroy'd on earth his blest abode,
 And whelm'd our feeble band.

3 But safe beneath his spreading shield
 His sons securely rest,
 Defy the dangers of the field,
 And bear the fearless breast.

4 And now our souls shall bless the Lord,
 Who broke the deadly snare ;
 Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
 And made our lives his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
 Who form'd the heav'ns above :
 He that supports their wond'rous frame
 Can guard his church by love.

P S A L M 125. Common Metre.

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
 And firm as mountains stand,
 Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
 That trusts th' almighty hand.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
 Old Salem's happy ground,

As those eternal arms of love,
That ev'ry saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion will assuage
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ the Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell,
Shall smite his follow'rs too.

P S A L M 125. Short Metre.

The Saint's Trial and Safety ; or, moderated Afflictions.

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they,
That rest their souls on God :
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3 What tho' the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
 Whose faith and pious fear,
 Whose hope and love, and ev'ry grace,
 Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
 Too long oppress the saint ;
 The God of Isra'l will support
 His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
 Will choose the road to hell,
 We must expect our portion there,
 Where bolder sinners dwell.

P S A L M 126. Long Metre.
 Surprising Deliverance.

1 WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
 Joy was our song, and grace our theme,
 The grace beyond our hopes so great,
 That joy appear'd a pleasing dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
 Unwilling honours to thy name ;
 While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
 With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal fears,
 'Twas hard to think they'll vanish so ;
 With God we left our flowing tears,
 He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field,
 His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
 Will shout to see the harvest yield
 A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

P S A L M 126. Common Metre.

The Joy of a remarkable Conversion ; or, Melancholy removed.

1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess :
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the power divine ;
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Tho' seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope ;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

P S A L M 127. Long Metre.

The Blessings of God on the Business and Comforts
of Life.

- 1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost,
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What tho' we rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread :
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blessed,
He can make rich, yet give us rest ;
On God, our sovereign, still depends
Our joy in children and in friends.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends !
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love.

P S A L M 127. Common Metre.

God All in All.

- 1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain ;
And towns without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare ;
 In vain till God has blest ;
 But if his smiles attend your care,
 You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives nor friends,
 Shall real blessings prove,
 Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
 If sent without his love.

P S A L M 128. Common Metre.
 Family Blessings.

1 O Happy man, whose soul is fill'd
 With zeal and reverend awe !
 His lips to God their honours yield,
 His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
 And ever guard thy head,
 Shall on the labours of thy hand
 Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;
 Thy children round thy board,
 Each like a plant of honour shine,
 And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
 For months and years to come :
 The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill,
 Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man whose happy eyes
 Shall see his house increase,
 Shall see the sinking church arise,
 Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM 129. Com. Metre.—Persecutors Punished.

- 1 UP from my youth, may Isra'l say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears ;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth, I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife ;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But God preserv'd my life.
- 3 O'er all my frame their cruel dart
Its painful wounds impress'd ;
Hourly they vex'd my fainting heart,
Nor let my sorrows rest.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 How was their insolence surpris'd,
To hear his thunders roll !
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.
- 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints,
Be blasted from the sky ;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their prospects die.
- 7 [What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath ;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.

8 So corn that on the house-top stand,
No hope of harvest gives ;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
No birds fold the sheaves.]

P S A L M 130. Common Metre.
Pardonning Grace.

1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God ! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree ;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait ;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes :]

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they :
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 Then in the Lord let Isra'l trust ;
 Let Isra'l seek his face ;
 The Lord is good as well as just,
 And plenteous in his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
 For sinners long enslav'd ;
 The great Redeemer is his Son,
 And Isra'l shall be sav'd.

P S A L M 130. Long Metre.
 Pardonning Grace.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
 To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries :
 If thou severely mark our faults,
 No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
 Free to dispense thy pardons there,
 Th't sinners may approach thy face,
 And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
 And long and wish for breaking day ;
 So waits my soul before thy gate ;
 When will my God his face display !

4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
 Nor shall I trust thy word in vain :
 Let mourning souls address the Lord,
 And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
 Thro' the redemption of his Son :
 He turns our feet from sinful ways,
 And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM 131. Common Metre.
Humility and Submission

- 1 Is there ambition in my heatt ?
Search, gracious God, and see ;
Or do I act a haughty part ?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild ;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And peaceful as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward :
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. Verse 5, 13—18. Long Metre.
At the Settlement of a Church ; or, the Ordination
of a Minister.

- 1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God ?
A dwelling for th' eternal mind ;
Among the sons of flesh and blood !
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest ;
And Zion is his dwelling still ;
His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 Here I will fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord ;
Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread ;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With sweet provisions shall be fed.

5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine ;
Not Aaron in his costly dress
Appears so glorious and divine :

6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing :
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

7 [Jesus shall see a num'rous seed
Born here t' uphold his glorious name ;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.]

PSALM 132. Ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15, 17. C. Metre.
A Church established.

1 [No sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David could afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.]

2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there ;
And there th' assembled nation came
To worship thrice a year.

3 We trace no more these toilsome ways,
Nor wander far abroad ;
Where'er thy people meet for praise,
There is a house for God.]

4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest :
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine ;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

P S A L M 133. Common Metre.
Brotherly Love.

1 O ! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite,
Of harmony and love !

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring
Descend on ev'ry soul ;

And heav'ly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

P S A L M 133. Short Metre.

Communion of Saints ; or, Love and Worship in
a Family.

1 BLESSED are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Thro' all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil thro' all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heav'ly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

P S A L M 133. As the 122d Psalm.
The Blessings of Friendship.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

'Tis like an ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet ;
The oil thro' all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
an thro' his robes and 'blest his feet,
Like fruitful show'rs of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills ;
Such streams of pleasure roll
'Thro' ev'ry friendly soul.
Where love like heav'nly dew distils.

[Repeat the first Stanza to complete the Tune.]

P S A L M 134. Common Metre.
Daily and nightly Devotion.

YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place ;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And blest his wond'rous grace.

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high ;

Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

8 the God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace ;
The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM 135. Verse 1-4, 14, 19-21. F. Part. L. M

The Church is God's House and Care.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in the earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good ;
To praise his name is sweet employ :
Isra'l he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;
He treats his servants as his friends ;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod ;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name :
Amongst his saints he ever dwells ;
His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM 135. Ver. 5—12. Second Part,
The works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of
Israel, and Destruction of Enemies.

GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne ;
What'er he please in earth or sea,
Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.

At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar ;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn land ;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Isra'l, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave.

5 His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell ;
And heav'n he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

PSALM. 135. Common Metre.

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

AWAKE, ye saints : To praise your King
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing, with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord ; and works unknown
 Are his divine employ :
 But still his saints are near his throne,
 His treasure and his joy. .

3 Heav'n earth and sea confess his hand ;
 He bids the vapours rise ;
 Lightning and storm at his command
 Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd,
 Is found with him alone ;
 But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
 Where our Jehovah's known. .

5 Which of the stocks and stones they trust,
 Can give them show'rs of rain ?
 In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
 And pray to God in vain.

6 Their gods have tongues that speechless prove,
 Such as their makers gave :
 Their feet were never form'd to move,
 Nor hands have pow'r to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
 Nor hear when mortals pray ;
 Mortals that wait for their relief,
 Are blind and deaf as they.

8 Ye nations, know the living God,
 Serve him with faith and fear ;
 He makes the churches his abode,
 And claims your honours there.

P S A L M 136. Common Metre

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Salvation of his People.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord ;
His mercies still endure ;
And be the King of kings ador'd ;
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done !
How mighty is his hand !
Heav'n, earth and sea he fram'd alone ;
How wide is his command !

3 The sun supplies the day with light ;
How bright his counsels shine !
The moon and stars adorn the night ;
His works are all divine !

4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead ;
How dreadful is his rod !
And thence with joy his people led ;
How gracious is our God !

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two ;
His arm is great in might ;
And gave the tribes a passage thro' ;
His pow'r and grace unite.

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd ;
How glorious are his ways !
And brought his saints thro' desert ground ;
Eternal is his praise.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ;
Victorious is his sword ;

While Isra'l took the promis'd land ;
And faithful is his word.]

8 He saw the nations dead in sin ;

He felt his pity move ;

How sad the state the world was in !

How boundless was his love !

9 He sent to save us from our woe ;

His goodness never fails ;

From death and hell, and ev'ry foe ;

And still his grace prevails.

10 Give thanks to God the heav'ly King ;

His mercies still endure ;

Let the whole earth his praises sing ;

His truth is ever sure.

P. S. A L M 136. As the 148th Psalm.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,

G The universal Lord ;

The sov'reign King of kings ;

And be his grace ador'd.

His pow'r and grace

Are still the same ;

And let his name

Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand !

What wonders hath he done !

He form'd the earth and seas,

And spread the heav'ns alone.

Thy mercy, Lord,

Shall still endure ;

And ever sure

Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun
 To crown the day with light ;
 The moon and twinkling stars
 To cheer the darksome night.

His pow'r and grace
 Are still the same ;
 And let his name
 Have endless praise.

4 He smote the first-born sons,
 The flow'r of Egypt dead ;
 And thence his chosen tribes
 With joy and glory led.

Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure ;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word.

5 His pow'r and lifted rod
 Cleft the Red-sea in two ;
 And for his people made
 A wond'rous passage thro'.

His pow'r and grace
 Are still the same ,
 And let his name
 Have endless praise.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there
 With all his hosts he drown'd ;
 And brought his Isra'l safe
 Thro' a long desert ground.

Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure ;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word.

7 The kings of Canaan feel
 Beneath his dreadful hand ;
 While his own servants took
 Possession of their land.

His pow'r and grace
 Are still the same ;
 And let his name
 Have endless praise.

8 He saw the nations lie,
 All perishing in sin,
 And pity'd the sad state
 The ruin'd world was in.

Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure ;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word.

9 He sent his only Son,
 To save us from our woe,
 From satan, sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful foe.

His pow'r and grace
 Are still the same ;
 And let his name
 Have endless praise.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heav'ly King ;
 And let the spacious earth
 His works and glories sing.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

P S A L M 136. Abridged. Long Metre.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land ;
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity move within :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent his Son with pow'r to save,
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song. .

8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'ly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

P S A L M 137.

The Babylonish Captivity.

A LONG the banks where Babel's current flows,

Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd,
While Zions' fall in sad rememb'rance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When raise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

3 The barb'rous tyrants, to increase the woe,
With taunting smile a song of Zion claim ;
Bid sacred praise in streams melodious flow ;
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

4 But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
Shall Isra'l's sons a song of Zion raise ?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise !

5 If e'er my mem'ry lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,

Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame ;
My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.

6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay,
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day.

P S A L M 138.

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

1 **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 [Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotions there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
Not all the works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

4 To GOD I cry'd when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes :
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

5 The GOD of heav'n maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great ;
But from his throne descends to bless
The humble souls that trust his grace.

6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

P S A L M 139. First Part. Long Metre.
The All-Seeing God.

1 L ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro' ;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my G OD distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with G OD.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for G OD is there.

P A U S E First.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?

7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;
Or dive to hell, there veng'ance reigns,
And satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 If mounted on a morning ray
I fly beyond the Western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkness into day.

10 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

P A U S E Second.

11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God they're both alike to thee ;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, were'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

P S A L M 139. Second Part. Long Metre.
The wonderful Formation of Man.

1 **T**WAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame ;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay :
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,
The breathing lungs, the beating heart,
Was copy'd with unerring art.

4 At last to show my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members of the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man ;
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

P A U S E.

6 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,

Thy thoughts of love to me surmount,
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the ocean o'er
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.

8 These on my heart are still imprest,
With these I give my eyes to rest ;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possest my mind.

P S A L M 139. Third Part. Long Metre.
Sincerity profest'd, and Grace tried ; or, The
Heart-searching God.

1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will !
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit ?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count for enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought,
Though my own heart accuse me not,
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within ?
Do I indulge some unknown sin ?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

P S A L M 139. First Part. Com. Metre,
God is every where.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclos'd on ev'ry side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

P A U S E.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire
Forgotten and unknown ?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath
To 'scape the wrath divine,

Thy voice would break the bars of death;
And make the grave resign.

If wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
The flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee :
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r,
From which I cannot flee.

SALM 139. Second Part. Common Metre.

The Wisdom of God in the formation of Man.

WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand
And all my frame survey,
Lord 'tis thy work, I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

Thy hand my heart and reins possest,
Where unborn nature grew ;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part ;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy art.

4 Heav'n, earth and sea, and fire and wind,
Show me thy wond'rous skill ;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise ;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM 139. Ver. 14, 17, 18. Third Part. C. M.
The mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise ;
Not all the sands that spread the shore,
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep ;
How kind, how dear to me !
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

P S A L M 140. Common Metre.

1 **P**ROTECT us, Lord, from fatal harm ;
Behold our rising woes,
We trust alone thy pow'rful arm,
To scatter all our foes.

2 Their tongue is like a poison'd dart,
Their thoughts are full of guile ;

While rage and carnage swell their heart,
They wear a peaceful smile.

3 O God of grace, thy guardian care,
When foes without invade,
Or spread within a deeper snare,
Supplies our constant aid.

4 Let falsehood flee before thy face,
Thy heav'nly truth extend,
And nations taste thy heav'nly grace,
And all delusion end.

5 With daily bread the poor supply,
The cause of justice plead ;
And be thy church exalted high,
With Christ the glorious head.

P S A L M 141. Ver. 2,—5. Long Metre.
Watchfulness and Brotherly Love.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

1 M Y God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead. .

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !
Their gentle words like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief ;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

P S A L M 142. Common Metre,

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

1 T O God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief ;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break ;
My God, who, all my burden knows,
Beholds the way I take.

3 On ev'ry side, I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers pass me by,
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
" Thou art my portion when I die,
" Be thou my refuge here.

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes, who vex me, know
I've an almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

- 1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.
- 2 Let judgment not against me pass ;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace :
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burthen me ;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darknes and unseen,
My heart is desolate within :
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up ;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ;
When will thy smiling face return ?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God forever hide his love ?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave ;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye ;
Make haste to help before I die.

3 The night is witness to my tears,
 Distressing pains, distressing fears ;
 O might I hear thy morning voice,
 How would my weary pow'rs rejoice !

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh
 And lift my weary soul on high ;
 For thee sit waiting all the day,
 And wear the tiresome hours away,

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show,
 The paths in which my feet should go :
 If snares and foes beset the road,
 I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me do thy holy will,
 And lead me to thy heav'nly hill :
 Let the good Spirit of thy love
 Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
 The tempter then shall rage in vain ;
 And flesh that was my foe before,
 Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144. Part I. Ver. 1, 2. Com. Metre.
 Assistance and victory in the spiritual Warfare.

1 FOR ever-blessed be the Lord,
 My Saviour and my shield ;
 He sends his Spirit with his word,
 To arm me for the field
 sin and hell their force unite,
 makes my soul his care ;
 acts me in the heav'nly fight,
 and guards me thro' the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
 My fainting hopes shall raise ;
 He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
 And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 144. Part II. C. M. Ver. 3, 4, 5, 6.
 The Vanity of Man, and the Condescension of God.

1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
 Born of the earth at first ?
 His life a shadow, light and vain,
 Still hast'ning to the dust.

2 O what is feeble dying man,
 Or all his sinful race,
 That God should make it his concern
 To visit him with grace !

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
 Who shakes the worlds above,
 What terrors wait his awful frown !
 How wond'rous is his love !

PSALM 144. Part III., L. M. Ver. 12—15.
 Grace above riches ; or, the happy Nation.

1 **H**APPY the city, where their sons
 Like pillars round a palace set,
 And daughters bright as polish'd stones
 Give strength and beauty to the state.

Happy the land in culture dress'd
 Whose flocks and corn have large increase ;
 Where men securely work or rest,
 Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

2 Happy the nation thus endow'd
 But more divinely blest are those,

On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

P S A L M 145. Long Metre.

The greatness of God

1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy Majesty divine ;
Let ev'ry realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

5 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds,
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways !
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

PSALM 145. Ver. 1—7, 11—13, Part I.—C. M.
The Greatness of God.

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great ;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known ;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'ly state
With public splendor shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands
Thy saints are rul'd by love ;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

PSALM 145. Part II. C. M. Ver. 7, &c.
The Goodness of God.

7 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'ly King ;

Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth his bounty shineth
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 with longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM 145. Ver. 14, 17, &c. Part. III. C. M.

Mercy to Sufferers ; or, God hearing Prayer.

1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all ;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv' st the mourners rest.

2 The Lord supports our sinking days,
 And guides our giddy youth :
 Holy and just are all his ways,
 And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
 He hears his children cry ;
 And their best wishes to fulfil,
 His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere ;
 He saves the souls, whose humble love
 Is join'd with holy fear.

6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
 And pierce their hearts with pain ;
 But none that serve the Lord shall say,
 "They sought his aid in vain."]

7. [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
 And spread his fame abroad ;
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honours of their God.]

P S A. L M. 146. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
 In work so pleasant, so divine ;
 Now while the flesh is mine abode,
 And when my soul ascends to God.

2. Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
 While immortality endures ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust ?
 Princes must die and turn to dust ;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
 On Is'r'l's God ; He made the sky,
 And earth and seas, with all their train,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth forever stands secure ;
 He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

6 The Lord to sight restores the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves the saints, he knows them well ;
 But turns the wicked down to hell :
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

P S A L M 146. As the 11th Psalm.
 Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

I'LL praise My Maker with my breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

8 Why should I make a man my trust ?
 Princes must die and turn to dust ;

Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour,

Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
 On Isra'l's God : He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train :
 His truth forever stands secure ;
 He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace :
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well :
 But turns the wicked down to hell ;
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :
 Let ev'ry tongue let ev'ry age,
 In this exalted work engage ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

P S A L M 147. First Part. Long Metre.

The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise.

Our hearts and voices in his praise :

His nature and his works invite

To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,

And gathers nations to his name :

His mercy melts the stubborn soul,

And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,

He counts their numbers, calls their names,

His sov'reign wisdom knows no bound,

A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is the Lord, and great his might ;

And all his glories infinite :

He crowns the meek, rewards the just,

And treads the wicked to the dust.

P A U S E.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,

Who spreads his cloud around the sky :

There he prepares the fruitful rain,

Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grafts the hills adorn,

And clothes the smiling fields with corn,

The beasts with food his hands supply,

And feeds the ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,

The vig'rous man, the warlike horse,

The sprightly wit, the active limb ?

All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight ;
 He views his children with delight ;
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
 And finds and loves his image there.

P S A L M 147. Second Part. Long Metre.
 Summer and Winter.

1 LET Zion praise the mighty God,
 And make his honours known abroad ;
 For sweet the joy, our songs to raise,
 And glorious is the work of praise.

2 Our children live secure and blest ;
 Our shores have peace our cities rest ;
 He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
 And adds his blessings to their meat.

3 The changing seasons he ordains,
 The early and the latter rains ;
 His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
 And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strews the ground ;
 His hail descends with dreadful sound ;
 His icy bands the rivers hold,
 And terror arms his wintry cold.

5 He bids the warmer breezes blow,
 The ice dissolves, the waters flow,
 But he hath nobler works and ways.
 To call his people to his praise.

6 Thro' all our realm his laws are shown ;
 His gospel thro' the nation known,
 He hath not thus reveal'd his word
 To ev'ry land ; Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147 Ver. 7—9, 13—18. C. Metre.

The season of the year.

1 **W**ITH songs and honour sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat ;
He hears the ravens cry :
But man who tastes his finest wheat
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

5 His hoary frost ; his fleecy snow ;
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the sounding hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

3. The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word :
 With songs and honours sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

P. S. A L M 148. Proper Metre.
 Praise to God from all Creatures.

1. **Y**E tribes of Adam, join
 With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise.
 Ye holy throng,
 Of angels bright
 In worlds of light,
 Begin the song.

2. Thou sun with dazzling rays,
 And moon that rules the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light.
 His pow'r declare,
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly
 In empty air.

3. The shining worlds above.
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move,
 By his supreme command.
 He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 From nothing came
 To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each his word fulfils,
 While time and nature last.

In diff'rent ways
 His works proclaim
 His wond'rous name,
 And speak his praise.

P A U S E.

5 Let all the earth-born race,
 And monsters of the deep,
 The fish that cleaves the seas,
 Or in their bosom sleep;
 From sea to shore
 Their tribute pay,
 And still display
 Their Maker's pow'r.

6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
 Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
 And stormy winds that blow
 To execute his word.
 When lightnings shine
 Or thunders roar,
 Let earth adore
 His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
 With lofty cedars there,
 And trees of humbler size
 That fruit in plenty bear;

Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies and worms,
In various forms
Exalt his name.

8 Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord the sov'reign King ;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing :
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

9 Virgins and youths engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join :
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By ev'ry tongue
In endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love :
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

P S A L M 148. Paraphrased. Long Metre.

Universal Praise to God.

1 **L** OUD Hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell :
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note. This Psalm may be sung to the Tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, if these two Lines be added to every Stanza, (viz.)

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er complete the praise.

[Otherwise it must be sung to the usual
Tunes of the Long Metre.

2 The Lord, how absolute he reigns,
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee ;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss :
Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell,
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake ye tempests and his fame,
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;
Let the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree,
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth an rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

6 Ye flow'ry plains proclaim his skill ;
 Ye vallies sink before his eye ;
 And let his praise from ev'ry hill
 Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
 Bend your high branches and adore :
 Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains ;
 The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Ye birds, his praise must be your theme,
 Who form'd to song your tuneful voice ;
 While the dumb fish that cut the stream
 In his protecting care rejoice.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
 When nature all around you sings ?
 Oh for a shout from old and young,
 From humble swains and lofty kings !

10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
 Make the Creator's name be known ;
 Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
 And sound it lofty as his throne.

11 Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious word !
 Oh may it dwell on ev'ry tongue !
 But saints who best have known the Lord,
 Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love
 Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord :
 From all below, and all above,
 Sing Hallelujah's to the Lord.

P S A L M 148. Short Metre.
Universal Praise.

1 **L**ET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God ;
Ye heav'nly host the song begin,
And found his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He buiſt those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame ;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs or snow,
Ye thunders murmur'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.

5 Wind, haif, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be exprest ;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE First.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise :
Praise him ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky,
 Let his high praise resound,
 From humble shrubs and cedars high,
 And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
 And tamer beasts that graze,
 Ye live upon his daily food,
 And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
 On high his praises bear ;
 Or sit on flow'ry boughs and sing
 Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye reptile myriads join,
 To exalt his glorious name,
 And flies in beaut'ous forms that shine,
 His wond'rous skill proclaim.

12 By all the earth-born race,
 His honours be express'd,
 But saints that know his heav'nly grace,
 Should learn to praise him best.

P A U S E Second.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
 Praise ye th' eternal King ;
 Judges, adore that sov'reign hand,
 Whence all your honours spring.

14 Let vig'rous youth engage
 To sound his praises high ;
 While growing babes and with'ring age,
 Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown
 His wond'rous fame to raise ;
 God is the Lord ; his name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
 And all pronounce him bleſſed ;
 But saints that dwell so near his heart
 Should sing his praises best.

PSALM 149. Common Metre.
 Praise God, all his Saints ; or, the Saints judging
 the World.

1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
 And let your songs be new ;
 Amidſt the church with cheerful voice
 His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
 Shall their Redeemer sing ;
 And Gentile nations join the praise,
 While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just ;
 Whom sinners treat with scorn ;
 The meek that lies despis'd in dust
 Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their king,
 E'en on a dying bed ;
 And like the souls in glory sing,
 For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
 Their hand shall wield the sword ;
 And veng'ance shall attend their songs,
 The veng'ance of the Lord.

6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron-rod
Nations that dar'd rebel ;
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumph shall afford :
Such honour for the saints remains :
Praise ye and love the Lord.

PSALM 150. Ver. 1, 2, 6. Common Metre.
A Song of Praise.

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals ;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

5 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest ;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit three in one,
 Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

Common Metre,
 where the Tune includes two Stanzas.

- 1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new-creating breath.
- 2 To praise the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit all-divine,
 The one in three, and three in one,
 Let Saints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit be
 Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
 Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
 Perpetual honours raise ;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise :
 With all our pow'rs,
 Eternal King,
 Thy name we sing,
 While faith adores.

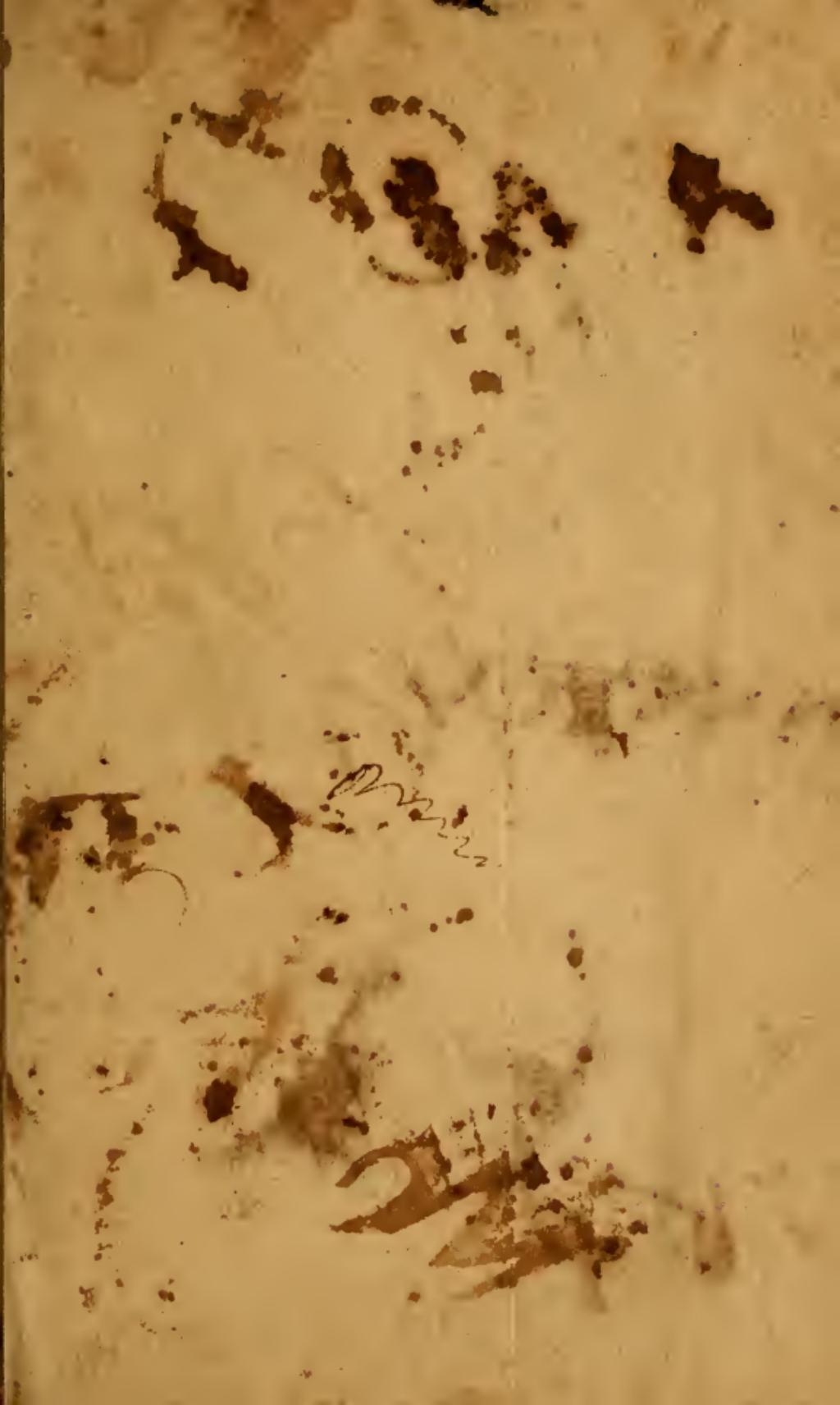
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W. P. F.

W. P.

Salmon River Falls
Idaho May 1909



